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# Wholesale News

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## THE PRINCE OF WALES AND SANITARY SCIENCE.

It is a "general opinion," led by the *Times* and endorsed by the educated classes in Great Britain, that the late death struggle of the heir-apparent to the Throne, and the fatal illness of the Earl of Chesterfield and of several other humbler victims to typhoid fever, resulted from a neglect of well-known sanitary laws, and of an ordinary, rather than an extra-

ordinary, defiance of well-known principles of Hygiene, which, having become established in certain circles as "Scientific," are therefore tabooed by the "Property" classes as visionary and unreliable.

By certain "Lords of Creation" no proofs are admitted which show no balance sheet—no evils are admitted which are invisible and recondite.

But when a Prince is laid low, and when prayers are said in

all the churches, public opinion wakens up to a "common sense" inquiry, and it produces a fulminated condemnation upon—whom? *Upon the architects, forsooth!!* The architects who design such houses, and who simply executed the ideas of their employers.

Are we in such a state of innocency or of ignorance at this time of day, that all responsibility rests upon architects? The architects or builders of public or of private works? Is



A MOTHER'S DELIGHT

SANITARY SCIENCE to be snubbed by the complaint of *Ignorance* after the folios upon folios of collected facts, which have been placed by an intelligent press before a stagnant public? What is the matter? Only typhoid fever!—an every day matter. The medical press will inform you that it is no respecter of persons—that it deprived the QUEEN OF ENGLAND of the best of husbands, and has chased the PRINCE OF WALES to the very borders of the grave. It is not only a fever of delirium and exhaustion, but in its secondary effect of ulceration of the intestines brings its subject down to a condition so low that during the patient's apparent recovery he is still the helpless subject of "a thousand ills that flesh is heir to."

What is the matter? Only the WATER! AND THE SEWERS!! Only the water such as is supplied to the public in Montreal! Only the sewers!! backed up by the floods now and again, which make MONTREAL a huge "LONDESBOURGH LODGE."

But what is Londesborough Lodge? ask the *Times*. "Londesborough Lodge, (*otherwise Montreal?*) to all practical purposes, is nothing more nor less than a vessel inverted over the mouth of a pipe, through which rises continually, sometimes with violence, a deadly vapour. The effluvia of Avernus, which the poet says killed the very birds that tried to fly over it, could not be more deadly than those which must be almost always rising up the funnel leading," (say from the river openings to the drains and water closets and street sewers of the inhabitants of Montreal.) "The Commission observes that all trapping is illusory without due precautions, and is liable to be circumvented by very slight causes. There ought therefore to be ample provisions for securing the escape of the poisonous gas—NOT into the house, but out of it."

This has been said at the Natural History Society by Dr. Sterry Hunt, by Dr. Craik, by Dr. Fenwick, by Dr. Baker Edwards—but what became of it? A Society which never met again, to protect Property, PROPERTY, PROPERTY.

Let us turn again to the columns of that "Jupiter," the *Times*—

"What a satire on the universal diffusion of knowledge, on the lectures of the Royal Society, on our hundreds of scientific and educational institutions, and all our inventions and discoveries! Here is the simplest thing in the whole world, which wanted only common sense, and nobody seems to have thought of it; nay, we are not sure that our architects and builders will be thinking of it next year. It is far too simple and too deadly an affair. But since we cannot expect veteran architects to depart from the beaten track, we may at least suggest the opportunity which offers itself to the young. Day after day, all who mix in the world or have a large acquaintance, and are credited with a little influence or knowledge, are asked to find something for a clever and promising young man to do."

What a chance for that "promising young man!" What will he meet with in Great Britain—"property!" "property!" How will he feel in Montreal, Toronto, or the "Lesser London," when we will encounter on every hand the adamantine walls of property, property, PROPERTY! Do you suppose, says "Alderman Cute," that we can afford to throw away filtered water upon fires? Let people drink worms and typhus—there are plenty of worm medicine and lots of doctors. Let 'em eat, drink, and die. Talk about science—take Darwin's theory—the weakest goes to the wall—s'rye 'em right—natural selection—and all that sort of thing. Talk about filtering water and ventilating sewers! what next? an anglic race, I suppose—above humanity altogether, "Ambrosial Dew," and all that sort of thing. Don't see it! Midnight meetings of a "Common Council" and cigars free—that's my ticket!

Now, my learned and eloquent Alderman, listen to the voice of PUBLIC OPINION, as expressed in this great commercial metropolis of Montreal, and tremble for your seat! Montreal says—"Just like those proud English, and serve them right. As for our sewers—well, rents are high, profits must accumulate, or we shall never rise to be Aldermen, and as for the worms and the fevers, they chiefly affect the poor children—and all the better for them, poor dears. No doubt to be so early taken away spares them a world of trouble—and the population's falling off, is it?—that's the trouble. Servants will be getting scarce. But let the Government pay handsomely to get emigrants out, and never mind the "childer"

Woe betide us! We never say "long life" in Montreal, (for we neglect the first conditions of it.)

Is there no sanitary association in Montreal—or is it in a state of insalubrity?

Is there no public opinion in Montreal to control the avarice of landlords or of Corporations?

Is health or wealth the best blessing,—and which may be best distributed amongst the community in equal shares for the common weal?

Give us health. Give us pure water and fresh air, unpolluted with the germs of typhus or scarlet fever. Give us the true *Rus in Urbe*, and we are content to pay the price.

J. BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D., D.C.L.

"Poor Henriette is dead." Henriette has regularly attended at the terminus of the Orleans railway for months past, expecting the return of her lover, killed a year ago at one of the battles before Orleans. The railway people humoured the harmless lunatic, and gave her a seat on the platform, where she might be seen in her Sunday dress, with a bouquet of flowers and a packet of cakes. A few days ago, when her friends came to take her away—she was dead.

#### KNOX CHURCH.

This church is in the early English style of Gothic architecture, and consists of a nave and side aisles and pulpit recess. The principal entrance is through a large, open porch, and there are two side entrances giving access to the galleries and basement. The nave, arches and roof are supported on light piers, which also carry the galleries, and these latter are made to project octagonally between the piers, thus relieving their usually stiff and formal appearance. The ceilings are plastered, and the roof timbers formed so as to divide them into panels; the ceiling over the pulpit recess is groined and forms, as it were, a sounding board for the speaker. The pulpit itself is a spacious platform, having a handsome Gothic balustrade in front, worked in black walnut wood. The windows are filled with glass of diaper pattern, with a stained margin round the different compartments; the rose window over the south gallery is filled entirely with stained glass, and with its rich and varied colours, produces a beautiful effect. The piers on the ground floor are arranged on a circular plan, and with the galleries, afford accommodation for 700 persons; and 100 sittings might be added if thought desirable. The basement is large and lofty, well lighted, and provided with two entrances at each end. It consists of a large lecture room, vestry, library, minister's room, &c. The building over all is 110 by 58, and 57 feet to the apex of the roof.

The church is built with Montreal stone; the ashlar work in small, even, courses of natural faced stone, the quoins, strings, weathervanes, &c., being dressed. The columns of the porch are of similar stone, highly polished, producing very much the effect of Purbeck marble.

The whole was carried out under the supervision of Messrs. Lawford & Nelson, architects.

Knox's Church congregation are the retiring members of St. Gabriel Street Church, whose history, as taken from Mr. Kemp's "Digest of the Minutes of Synod," is most interesting and instructive. At the organization of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in 1844, this congregation retired from fellowship with the Church of Scotland, and continued to worship in St. Gabriel Street till Sabbath, 3rd Dec., 1865, when their present place of worship was dedicated. This is the oldest Protestant Church of any denomination in Canada. About the year 1790, the Presbyterians of Montreal of all denominations, both British and American, organized themselves into a church, and in the following year secured the permanent services of the Rev. John Young. At this time they met in the Recollet Roman Catholic Church—but in the year following they erected the edifice which is now known as St. Gabriel Street Church—the oldest Protestant Church in the Province. In the early minutes we find the following acknowledgment of the kindness of the Recollet Fathers, the Kirk Session presenting them (the Fathers) with "one box of candles, 56 lbs., at 8d.; one hhd. of Spanish wine, at £6 0s. 5d."

Mr. Young, though a Licentiate of the Presbytery of Irvine, in Scotland, was ordained by the Presbytery of New York prior to 1790, and being placed over the Church of Schenectady, became a member of the Presbytery of Albany when it was organized in the above year.

In 1791 we find him petitioning the Presbytery to be received with the congregation of St. Gabriel Street Church, under the care of that Court, with which Presbytery the congregation remained connected till 1793, when the Presbytery of Montreal was organized.

The site of the old St. Gabriel Street Church was purchased from Mr. Hypolite Hertel; with the exception of 12 feet in breadth granted by the British Government from the Champ de Mars, in 1782, the year in which the building was erected.

The successor of Mr. Young, in 1802, was the Rev. James Sommerville, who held the pastorate for twenty years, and resigned from enfeebled health. The Rev. Henry Esson succeeded him in 1822, and continued to officiate until called to the chair of Ethics and Evidences of Christianity in Knox's College, Toronto. The Rev. Messrs. Leishman, Rintoul and Inglis (now of Hamilton), each held the pastoral charge of St. Gabriel Street Church until 1857, when the Rev. A. F. Kemp, A. M., was called, and settled over the congregation, holding the pastorate till June, 1865.

After remaining without a pastor till the December of the same year, the congregation gave a unanimous call to the Rev. R. Irvine, D.D., who held the pastorate until the beginning of last year, when, having accepted a call to Philadelphia, he was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Thornton, the present Minister.

#### ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

(CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.)

The Church of St. Paul's, Montreal, was founded by the late Rev. Edward Black, D.D., previously Assistant Minister of St. Gabriel's Church. Dr. Black collected a congregation which worshipped in the Baptist Church, St. Helen Street, until their new church (St. Paul's), situated at the corner of St. Helen and Recollet streets, was built. In the founding and construction of the church, the reverend minister was efficiently aided by several prominent citizens of Montreal, among whom may be mentioned the late Hon. Peter McGill, John Redpath, Esq., Philip Ross, Esq., Robert Armour, Esq., and John Greenshields, Esq.; not to name others who are still living. The church was dedicated to the public worship of God on the 24th day of August, 1834, by Dr. Black, the late Rev. Wm. Roach, of Beauharnois, and the Rev. Montgomery Walker, now minister of the parish of Ochiltrie, Scotland. Dr. Black's self-denying services in promoting the erection of the new church, and in discharging his ministerial and pastoral functions, were greatly appreciated by his congregation. Dr. Black, after a ten years' pastorate, died deeply and justly regretted by all classes of the community.

Dr. Black's successor was the late Rev. Robert McGill, D.D., and a worthy successor he proved himself to be. No clergyman in Montreal has ever enjoyed to a larger extent the regard and confidence of his people than Dr. McGill. His services in the cause of education, as Chairman of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners, deserve to be mentioned in this connection. Dr. McGill continued minister of St. Paul's ten years; he died comparatively suddenly.

The successor of Dr. McGill was Mr. Snodgrass, now the Very Reverend Dr. Snodgrass, Principal of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. During his incumbency the congregation prospered, and the number of communicants largely increased. Dr. Snodgrass resigned the charge in 1864, at the

close of which year the present incumbent, the Rev. John Jenkins, D.D., arrived from London, England, having received from the congregation an earnest call to become Dr. Snodgrass's successor. Dr. Jenkins had been for ten years minister of Calvary Church, Philadelphia.

Dr. Jenkins commenced his labours on the 8th of January, 1865, now seven years ago. His formal induction into the pastorate took place in the following June. At the end of eighteen months the Kirk Session, trustees, and congregation resolved upon leaving the church in St. Helen Street, and building a new church nearer the centre of the congregation than the old church had come to be. The site of the present church was chosen as the most eligible that offered, and during the Synod of 1867 the corner-stone was laid by Dr. Jenkins, in the presence of the Venerable Court. The new church was dedicated in the autumn of 1868, the officiating ministers being the pastor, the late Rev. Dr. Alexander Mathieson, and Principal Snodgrass.

It is a somewhat remarkable coincidence that Dr. McGill, Dr. Snodgrass, and Dr. Jenkins have been successively chairmen of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners for Montreal.

In the interests of architectural art in the city, and of architectural effect, it may be permitted us to express the hope that, ere long, the wealthy and influential congregation of St. Paul's Church will complete the tower of their very beautiful edifice. The present appearance of this part of the structure is an eyesore which every inhabitant of Montreal would rejoice to have removed.

#### THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE.

It is one of the features of modern discovery and invention in art that very faithful representations of the works of the great masters may be produced at a trifling cost, and thus placed within the reach of all. We have from time to time laid before our readers copies from engravings the prints of which could not be bought for less than ten dollars each, and yet our readers could from our reproduction derive an idea of the original as truly as if they had studied the steel engraving. In the present issue we reproduce from an engraving by Dupont a copy of the celebrated painting by Correggio, the original of which is in the gallery of the Louvre. Correggio drew his inspiration for the artistic realization of the "Mystic Marriage" from a passage in the writings of the ecstatic St. Catharine of Sienna.

#### HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

Professor Bohuslav Kroupa, the teacher of drawing at Hellmuth College, London, Ont., contributes this week an illustration from his water colour drawing of the "Happy days of Childhood." Mr. Kroupa's conception of one scene among the many which furnish the pleasures of infancy is admirable, and so plainly sketched that any attempt at description would be quite superfluous.

INTERNATIONAL TELEGRAPHIC CONFERENCE.—We understand that the sittings of the International Telegraphic Conference, now meeting at Rome, are likely to be prolonged for seven or eight weeks. The Conference is one of the most important ever held in the history of telegraphic enterprise. Its members include official representatives of every State in Europe, and also delegates from the principal submarine cables of the world. Mr. Cyrus Field represents the United States—the only country, we believe, in which the telegraphs continue to be the property of private corporations. It would be premature to attempt to indicate the probable issue of this remarkable Conference, but it will probably determine the principles upon which international telegraph intercourse shall be regulated, both in peace and in war. It is also likely that the question of expediency of making concessions which have the character of a monopoly will be settled by the delegates at Rome.

THE BRAVEST MAN IN THE BRITISH ARMY.—Many years ago an eccentric gentleman in England left a bequest to the "Bravest man in the British Army." The executors not knowing how to dispose of it otherwise offered it to the Duke of Wellington. He refused it, saying he had no claim to such a title, but if it would be of any service to them to know the man who had, he thought, performed the bravest action under his command, he would point them to Colonel James McDonell, of the Highland regiment, who defended the Chateau of Hougoumont, and shut the gate of the courtyard, driving out the French, and subsequently defending it against the furious attacks of Napoleon to carry the position. When the bequest was offered he at first refused to accept it; but on being informed of what the Duke had said concerning his conduct at Waterloo, "That alters the case," said he, "if he says so, and if shutting the gate and defending it was the action that merited such a high distinction, then Sergeant Frazer is entitled to the half of it;" so it was divided between them. During the Canadian rebellion of 1837-38, the British Government appreciating the services of so brave a man, appointed now General Sir James McDonell commandant of the citadel of Quebec. Thus he served his country faithfully in his youth and old age. He was brother of Bishop McDonell of Glengary, the first Catholic Bishop of Upper-Canada. Towards the close of his useful life the Rev. Father had a great longing to visit the land of his birth (Scotland); and retiring for the night to the bed-room of his boyhood, was found next morning in the sleep of death.

The *New York Commercial* tells the following:—Here is something reliable and fresh from an eye-witness of the incident. Shortly after Horace Greeley had registered his name at the Head House, Nashua, (whither the great philosopher's lecturing tour took him this fall), a rather aged countryman came into the office, and after examining asked the register if Doctor B— were in. "There is no such person here," said the gentlemanly clerk. "No such person here!" echoed the venerable rustic, and gazing into the face of the clerk with much incredulity and astonishment. "No such person here!" firmly re-echoed the clerk. "Young man," exclaimed the other, with a solemn expression of countenance, "young man, don't lie to me. It won't do. You can't fool old Gil Parks. Dr. B—'s been here as sure as guns, and pretty drunk, too, I reckon, for he has left one of them air Latin prescriptions of his on the register." And the Doctor's friend gazed down on Horace's improved Arabic with a look of triumphant recognition.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE GOLDEN APPLE.  
(From Lucian's Dialogues.)

I.  
"Thou didst not see what Eris\* did, Galene,  
At the Thessalian banquet yester even,  
Feeling, as is her wont, a little spleeny,  
To her no invitation had been given?"

II.  
"I was not there, for Neptune gave me orders  
To keep the ocean waveless. . . ut this Eris,  
How did she get beyond the social borders?"  
"Listen! I'll tell thee how the whole affair is."

III.  
Pelus and Thetis had gone off a-courting,  
(An oddish match, that) whom our lord and lady,  
Out of respect to Thetis, was escorting;  
When Eris, who had all her mischief ready,

IV.  
Got in, unknown to all—that was no wonder,  
The gods by this time were not over steady,  
And then the singing brought such plausive thunder,  
(I always thought those Muses so old-maidy—)

V.  
Got in, Galene, and right fair among them  
Threw such an apple, beautiful, all golden;  
There was a start as if a wasp had stung them,  
Or the three heads of Cerberus had rolled in!

VI.  
And this was written on it, 'For the Fairest.'  
Mercury read it. How we Nereids listened!  
But oh! if you had seen, Galene dearest,  
Those three, how greedily their proud eyes glistened!

VII.  
While Juno said, 'Tis mine,' and Pallas 'Tis not,'  
And Venus smiled so wondrously malicious  
That, had not Jupiter himself been present,  
There would have been a quarrel most flagitious.

VIII.  
But he, to quiet them, says wisely, 'I am  
No judge of beauty, though you choose to flatter:  
But go to Ida, to the son of Priam,  
And he will settle this important matter.'

IX.  
"And what then, Panope?" "They're off to Paris,  
Each one quite sure of conquest—but between us,  
If I'm a Nereid, and men know what 'fair' is,  
The golden apple will belong to Venus."

\* Strife. JOHN READE.

(Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.)

THE OLD FORTRESS OF QUEBEC.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

The old Fort of Quebec, or ancient Castle of St. Lewis, what images of past grandeur did it recall! What historical recollections of deep interest hovered around its ancient walls during the two centuries it was the seat of Government in Canada! With what stirring events is its name connected! incidents of the olden time—deeds that grace the page of history! Alas! that the fire-sheet should have ever wrapped from our gaze a pile so time-hallowed, so memorable in Canadian history!—an event the more to be regretted as in a new country like this there are so few places around which hover the glories of other days. To the thoughtful mind which loves to linger over the eventful past in the annals of Canada, what food for meditation did that ancient stronghold afford in its commanding site on the brow of a precipice, frowning defiance in its impregnable position. Within its walls what varied scenes took place. The great hall of the fort, in the early days of the Colony, how it has re-echoed the voice of terror and despair when the savage Indian was near, almost at the gates, and his fearful war-whoop rent the air! And in later years, when the structure called the Castle of St. Lewis was erected within the ramparts of the fort, what scenes have been enacted within its council-hall. Many a midnight meeting has it witnessed; many a well-concerted plan heard for maintaining French dominion over the long line of coast from Quebec to New Orleans, along the shores of the great lakes and the noble rivers Mississippi and St. Lawrence, which extensive country was then defended by rudely constructed forts, from which waved the white lilies of old France. But the most remarkable scene, perhaps, which ever took place in that council-hall was when a daring English officer bearded the magnates of La Nouvelle France within their own walls. It occurred in the year 1690 when an expedition was sent by England to demand the surrender of Quebec. The officer who was sent on shore with a flag of truce was conducted by a circuitous route, blindfold, to the Castle of St. Lewis, and everything done to impress his mind with the idea that the fortress was well garrisoned. When the bandage was removed, he found himself in the council-hall of the castle, in which were assembled the chief men of the Colony—the Bishop, the Intendant, the Governor, and several officers in full uniform. The Englishman presented to the Governor Count de Frontenac a summons to surrender Quebec, in the names of the English sovereigns William and Mary, an act of cool daring, to which he added one of effrontery by laying down his watch and demanding an answer within an hour. What excitement among the chivalrous French did this unceremonious conduct produce! what flashing eyes! what dark and angry faces met the gaze of the imperturbable Englishman! Though his life was jeopardized at the moment, he calmly surveyed the group of excited men as he awaited the Governor's answer. He, the noble Count de Frontenac, was the only one among his countrymen who retained his self-control. Though deeply incensed, he behaved with the moderation befitting his high office. Soon the answer came in tones of calm disdain from the proud Frenchman. "I surrender to no usurper, I acknowledge no legitimate sovereign of England save James the Second." The English officer then demanded to have the Count's reply in writing. Again there was a burst of indignation from the incensed Frenchmen, and the curt answer to this demand broke haughtily from the Governor. "I will answer your Admiral from the cannon's mouth." Thus this memorable interview terminated. The English officer was again blindfolded and conducted to his boat, and immediately afterwards the batteries began to fire upon the British fleet anchored in the harbour. They, in return, bombarded the town, but were eventually obliged to abandon the design of taking the stronghold of Quebec, the capture of which was reserved for a later period.

"THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

From the Ill. London News.

It is a handsome fellow that meets the young ladies and their brother with this Christmas greeting. They came out for a walk, after breakfast this morning, from that roomy, old-fashioned country house. They went across the fields and into the village, for an errand of domestic business connected with the festivities or charities of the week. They have returned by another path, which brings them here through the paddock to the gate of the farmyard. There are the cows, the pigs, and fowls, all thriving, and well tended by Sam and Sarah. Beyond the farmyard is the garden of the family mansion. Sam is just about to open the gate for his young mistresses and young master to pass. They are suddenly accosted by Signor Gallipavo. Of him it may be said, as Master Fabian says of Malvolio in the play of "Twelfth Night"—"Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanced plumes!"

Look at this stately Don, whose Spanish Mexican ancestry—for he is no Turk, not he; no malignant turbaned Ottoman, but a real Hidalgo—has bequeathed him such an heritage of pride! With head erect in conscious dignity, wearing the adornment of a rubicund comb on his lofty brow, his pendent wattles of a sanguine hue, and a very splendid scarlet gorget all down his noble neck, what a lordly visage he rears above the mighty orb of his ample breast! With out-spread wings, and broad tail high upraised, how he displays his pomp of body-plumage, all mottled of black and bronze, the tail barred with grey! He considers himself a very good-looking bird, as he struts forward, modestly followed by his demure female consort. "The compliments of the season to you, Sir!" "The same to you, Miss, and many of them!" "We shall be glad to see you at our Christmas dinner, Sir, if you will favour us with your company on Monday!" "Oh, yes!" says he, "I'll be sure to be at your table." "Good-by till then," exclaim the laughing girls. And so they part, with mutual promise of good cheer.

The worthy feathered biped is scarcely yet aware of his unfeathered friends' kind intentions towards him. He accepts their hospitable invitation in simple good faith. He fully expects to be present at their Christmas feast; to march in half an hour before his respectable colleagues, Plum Pudding and Mince Pie. He means to make himself quite agreeable to the company. In this, we are sure, there will be no disappointment.

But if we had a private interview with this too-confiding Turkey, we could tell him a thing which would surprise him greatly. It would make his comb and wattles turn redder with rage and stand on end with affright. He has lived but twenty months in this wicked world. It was nearly twenty years ago, we remember, there was a fearful picture of somebody very much like him, a member of his family, in another illustrated journal. That was about the time when poor Mr. David Urquhart was predicting all manner of mischief from the Eastern Question. What did *Punch* make of it but a figure of a fat bird neatly trussed and dished, with a knife and fork in the resolute carver's hands, descending upon him? beneath which device was inscribed the title of Mr. Urquhart's last book, "Turkey and its Destiny." But thou, O thou finest of farmyard fowl, art not a bird of Oriental race!

For it is an erroneous opinion, as has been remarked, that this fine creature, like the Colchian pheasant, came to us from the East. On the contrary, he is an American, and owes his introduction into Europe, which took place about 1524, to the conquest of Mexico. The Spaniards used to call him "Pavon de las Indias," meaning peacock of the West Indies. But when he found his way from Spain into France, some of the French people, mistaking the name he bore, supposed him to be a native of Hindostan, and called him the "dindon." A similar process of geographical, ornithological, and verbal confusion attended his arrival in England about the same time. He was mistaken for a larger kind of guinea-fowl, which in shape he resembles in some degree. Now, the Portuguese had been accustomed to bring guinea-fowl from the west coast of Africa during many years before. The same traders might, in all likelihood, import into this country the African fowl, with the various commodities of Morocco, including some articles, no matter what, of Arabian or Turkish produce. Both the one species of bird and the other, in the reign of Henry VIII., were called here indifferently by the names of Turkey-fowl and Guinea-fowl, as many people fancied that they came from Turkey. This is the explanation given by learned antiquaries; we cannot vouch for its correctness.

But why should we be led into this dry track of discussion? The Christmas Turkey, we feel, deserves better treatment in our pages. Will nobody rise to propose his very good health? Will nobody deliver an oration upon his virtues? Will nobody sing a song in his praise? Let the trick of parody, at least, supply the lack of poetic inspiration. So the reader is here presented with an

ODE TO A CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

AFTER BURNS' "ODE TO A HAGGIS."

Fair fall thy honest, jolly face!  
Great Chieftain of the Poultry race!  
Above them all thou tak'st thy place,  
Goose, Duck, or Dorking;  
Well art thou worthy of a grace  
At knife-and-forking!

The spacious dish I see thee fill;  
Thy swelling breast, a shining hill,  
With many a steaming butter-rill  
Was hotly basted;  
Then did thy roast a dew distil  
Ripe to be tasted!

His knife I see our host prepare,  
White slices of thy bosom share,  
Sever the joints, with artful care,  
Of legs and wings;  
Then dig inside—a mine is there  
Of daintiest things!

Thy stuffing, O thou Bird of Pleasure!  
Thou hast kept buried as a treasure,  
But givest to us now, at leisure,  
The compound nice,  
Egg, suet, bread-crumbs, all in measure,  
Sweet herbs, and spice.

Kind carver, let me now behold  
Your valiant steel uplifted bold  
To cut his sausage-chain of gold;  
I beg one link of it—  
Gravy—and bread-sauce. Can't be told  
The good I think of it!

Is there who, from his Strasburg pasty,  
Unnatural, unwholesome, nasty,  
A sneering, scornful glance would cast ye  
At such a dinner?  
Stomach and palate spoilt, at last he  
Dies, fool and sinner!

Ye Pow'rs who for mankind have care,  
And write each month its bill of fare,  
Old Christmas wants no kickshaws rare  
Of foreign boast;  
But grant this feast, our fervent prayer,  
A Turkey Roast!

A MOTHER'S DELIGHT.

This is a picture that tells its own tale, and will speak eloquently to every young mother's heart. The costumes are those of a hundred years ago, and appear quaint, if not ugly to our eyes. But the sentiment expressed by the painter is one that suits the present day as well as a hundred or a thousand years ago, for the story of the mother's love and the mother's delight is one that has never changed since Mother Eve brought forth her firstborn in sorrow and trouble.

Stretched on her couch the young mother in the picture is looking in silent bliss upon the little being lying in the nurse's arms, all unconscious of the tender glances that fall upon it. Her face wears a happy, contented smile, as she watches the little one who has come to crown her hopes, and make her that happiest of happy mortals—a mother. And as she lies there her mind wanders on the future and pictures to her her baby grown up, a strong, healthy man, winning distinction in the world, and laying his honours at his proud mother's feet. Does the reverse side of the picture present itself to her, one might wonder? If so, let us hope the dread forebodings depicted therein will never be realised, and that the mother in her old age will have reason to be as proud of her first-born as she is in the first days of its existence.

This is the way the Austin (Texas) *Statesman* speaks of the State Legislators:—A few nights since, there was a very perceptible halo around the moon. A party of inebriated, chicken-pie Legislators, who were out late and observed it, tried to get into it because it was a "ring."

Another Enoch Arden has recently turned up, and learned from the lips of a neighbour the old, old story. Staring out into the darkness, he submissively remarked, "The ways of Providence are past finding out," and borrowing half-a-crown from his informant, he departed.

A man was brought before an Illinois magistrate, and fined \$6.50 for being in whisky veritas. He smiled blandly, and, drawing out a dollar bill, said, "All right, Mr. Magistrate, I suppose you remember when I sold out my saloon in Pekin I had \$5.50 on the slate against you. With this dollar that will exactly pay my fine. You must excuse me, aquire, for this little whisky veritas bit of business; but I didn't see any other way of collecting my bill against you than this."

In all seriousness a French paper has the following in its columns—"We spoke recently of Lord — and Tom Sayers, the celebrated American boxer. We understand today that he was killed at the fire of Chicago, and our contemporaries are wrong in saying he died two years ago. Tom Sayers was the husband of the celebrated Adah Menken. He boxed ninety-one times, and killed three men by means of a knock—the secret of which he has carried to the grave. He was six feet high and four feet round the chest. Truly un bel homme!"

According to the N. Y. State papers the detection of female smugglers on the Canadian frontier is affording very racy developments, and the novel modes of concealing contraband articles would afford material for a library of romance. We find nothing more brilliant, however, than the attempt of a few years since to bring over a shipload of brandy. The detectives noticed an unusual number of women with babies on the train, and becoming a little suspicious, examined one of the youngsters. Its clothes were according to regulation, but its body was of tin and filled with the best French brandy. There were no less than forty of the same family on the train.

Since Satan was kicked out of Heaven, there hasn't been such an extraordinary tumble as this of James Hammond, jr., in Providence. Being in the fourth story, and also intoxicated, he went over the railing and down a circular stairway of the Arnold Block, breaking a two-and-a-half inch rail of iron by hitting it with his head, and smashing through a skylight into a tailor's shop. He was taken up senseless and carried home, when it turned out that he was not seriously hurt, only "a little sore." The escape of this man from instant death is declared to be wonderful, and only to be accounted for by the fact that he was in a balmy condition when he went over. This, however, cannot be considered as argument in favour of excessive drinking, because, but for the drinking, this involuntary acrobat wouldn't have pitched over at all.

A FISH STORY.—We met a boy on the street, and, without the ceremony of asking our name, he exclaimed: "You just orter been down to the river a while ago!" "Why?" we inquired.

"Because a nigger was in there swimming, and a big cat-fish came up behind him and swallowed both of his feet, and went swimming on the top of the water with him; and there came behind another big fish, and the nigger swallowed his tail, and the nigger and two fish were swimming about."

"Well; then what?" "Why, after a while the nigger swallowed his fish, and the other fish swallowed the nigger, and that was the last I saw of either of them."

"Sonny," said we, with a feeling of alarm for the boy, "you are in a fair way to become editor of a Radical paper."—*Austin Statesman*.

GUYSBOROUGH, N. S.

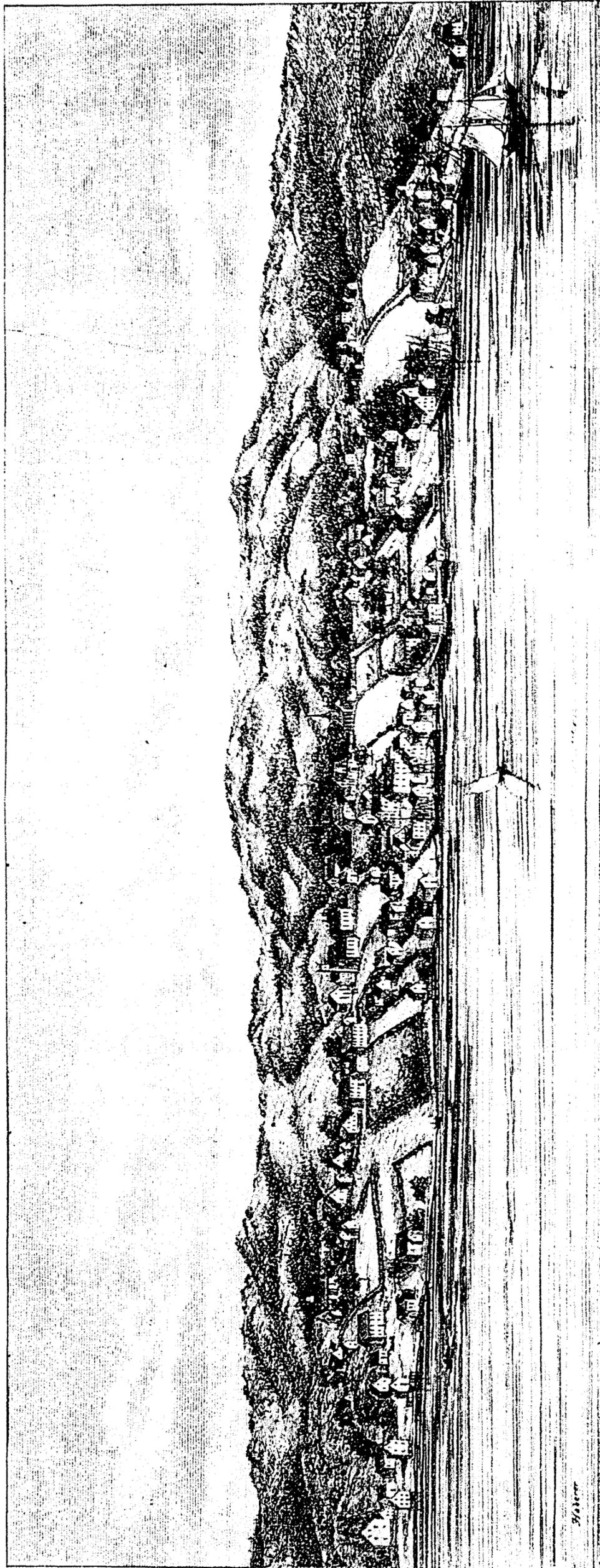
Guyborough is a flourishing seaport town of Nova Scotia, situated at the head of Chedabucto Bay on the west side of Milford Haven, in the township and county of Guysborough...

THE FIRST SNOWBALL.

One of the great events of early life is witnessing for the first time a pantomime, or a Christmas extravaganza, when children look with shuddering awe upon the dreadful doings of ill-favoured ogres...

What natural magic, what white art by spirits of air, what celestial enchantment, has been at work? If the snowflakes should be still descending, the child wonders where all the feathers come from, and why, being so white, they darken the sky...

and, as he leaps out, shakes himself free from the snow, again to bury and to extricate himself with the most obstreperous glee. Can any grown-up man see boys enjoying a game of snowballing without its calling to mind the skirmishes in which he was engaged when a boy?



Guyborough was first settled in 1753 by disbanded soldiers, and was named after Sir Guy Carleton, (afterwards Lord Dorchester) who died England in 1808, at the advanced age of eighty-three.

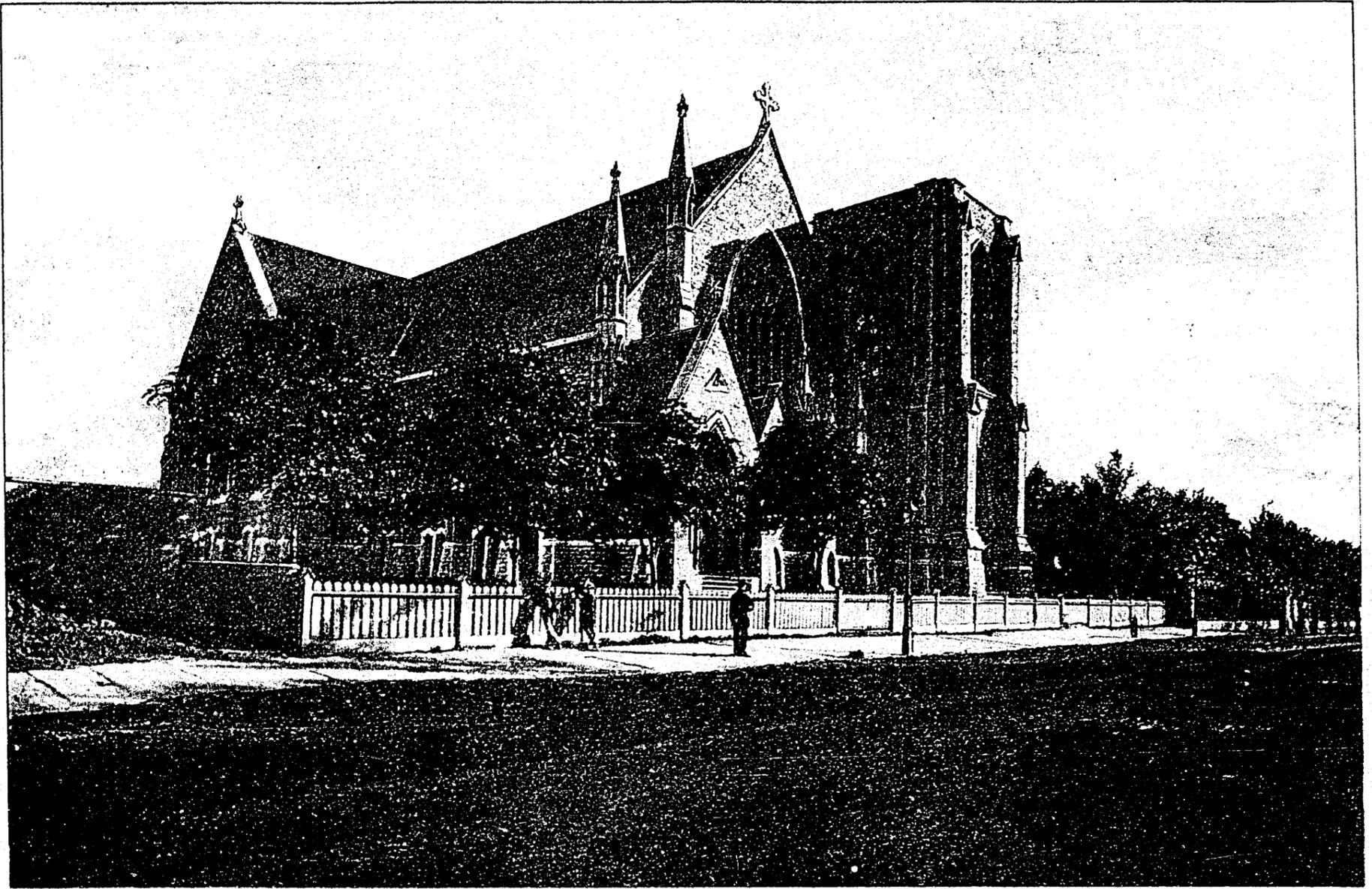
into one of order, comfort, and painful industry—a picture of the Golden Age! These are wonders never to be forgotten. But a greater marvel to children still is the first fall of snow...

for a moment the delighted attention of herself and brothers. Some crumbs are quickly taken up, and the boys, well gratified and with wags juts round their necks, are soon up to their ankles in the snow.

the newly macadamised road. At the foot of the hill even levers failed to move the huge mass, and it was left, perforce, in front of someone's door, to be next morning sawed and chopped ere ingress or egress to the house could be obtained.

A rural poet indited a sonnet to his sweetheart, entitled, 'I kissed her and ran.' The composer knew better than that, and set it up in printer's Latin. 'I kissed her and ran.'

Clashed in white samite mystic wonderfully — M. London News.



ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, DORCHESTER ST., MONTREAL.—SEE PAGE 18.



KNOX CHURCH, DORCHESTER ST., MONTREAL.—SEE PAGE 18. JAMFORD R. NELSON. 006

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY,  
JAN. 20, 1872.

SUNDAY,	Jan. 14.—	Second Sunday after Epiphany. Bishop Berkeley died, 1753. Great Fire at St. John. N. B., 1837. Attempt of Orsini on the life of the Emperor Napoleon, 1858.
MONDAY,	" 15.—	Gen. Wolfe born, 1726. Emperor Napoleon elected President, 1852.
TUESDAY,	" 16.—	Spenser died, 1599. Gibbon died, 1794. Battle of Corunna and death of Sir John Moore, 1809.
WEDNESDAY,	" 17.—	Benjamin Franklin born, 1706. Lord Lytton born, 1709.
THURSDAY,	" 18.—	St. Prisca, V. & M. Establishment of the Kingdom of Prussia by the Elector of Brandenburg, 1701.
FRIDAY,	" 18.—	Copernicus born, 1473. James Watt born, 1736. Great Eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, 1776. Capture of Ciudad Roderigo, 1812. Isaac D'Israeli died, 1848.
SATURDAY,	" 20.—	St. Fabian, Bp. & M. U. S. Independence acknowledged, 1783. John Howard died, 1790.

TEMPERATURE in the shade, and Barometer indications for the week ending Tuesday, 9th January, 1872, observed by HEARN, HARRISON & CO., 242 Notre Dame Street.

	MAX.	MIN.	MEAN.	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.
W.,	19°	3°5'	11°2'	30.47	30.38	30.30
Th.,	4.	27°	7°5'	30.17	30.15	30.17
Fri.,	5.	33°5'	27°	30.00	30.02	30.05
Sat.,	6.	32°	27°	29.75	30.00	30.07
Su.,	7.	7°	-10°	30.25	30.30	30.40
M.,	8.	5°	-5°	30.50	30.50	30.54
T.,	9.	25°	-7°	30.20	30.14	30.15

A GREAT ATTRACTION!

In the first number of the fifth volume of the **CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS**, to be issued on SATURDAY, JAN. 6, 1872, will appear the beginning of a New Story, by

ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

which will be continued weekly until completed. The Story is under publication in *Good Words*, and is entitled

**THE GOLDEN LION OF GRANDPERE.**

No paper in Canada, save the *C. I. News*, has the right to publish this Tale in serial form.

POSTPONEMENT.

Having only received the first instalment of this new story we defer the commencement of its publication for a week or two in order to insure its insertion in consecutive numbers. January 6, 1872.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Arrangements have been made to have the *Canadian Illustrated News* and the *Hearthstone* delivered in folio form to subscribers in the following places, by the Agents whose names are annexed.

These Agents will also collect the subscription and the postage.

Almonte, Ont.	James Greig.
Bothwell, Ont.	A. J. Wiley.
Bowmanville, Ont.	Yellowlees & Quick.
Brantford, Ont.	A. Hudson.
Brampton, Ont.	P. L. Woods.
Brookville, Ont.	F. L. Kincaid.
Cobourg, Ont.	J. C. Reynolds.
Collingwood, Ont.	A. Morton.
Dundas, Ont.	J. B. Meacham.
Elora, Ont.	Henry Kirkland.
Fenelon Falls, Ont.	M. N. Minthorne.
Fergus, Ont.	L. C. Munroe.
Fredericton, N. B.	H. A. Copley.
Goble's Corners, Ont.	N. B. Goble.
Goderich, Ont.	T. J. Moorehouse.
Halifax, N. S.	M. A. Buckley.
Hamilton, Ont.	R. M. Ballantine.
Ingersoll, Ont.	R. A. Woodcock.
Kincardine, Ont.	F. A. Barnes.
Kingston, Ont.	Ed. Stacey.
London, Ont.	Wm. Bryce.
Mesford, Ont.	Thos. Plunkett.
Napanee, Ont.	Henry Bro.
Orillia, Ont.	H. B. Slaven.
Oshawa, Ont.	J. A. Gibson.
Ottawa, Ont.	E. A. Perry.
Paisley, Ont.	Jno. Kelso.
Pembroke, Ont.	S. E. Mitchell.
Peth, Ont.	John Hart.
Petrolia, Ont.	N. Reynolds.
Prescott, Ont.	P. Byrne.
Sherbrooke, Ont.	J. Rollo.
St. Catharines, Ont.	W. L. Copeland.
St. John, N. B.	Roger Hunter.
Tilsburg, Ont.	W. S. Law.
Wardsville, Ont.	W. F. Barclay.
Wellington Square, Ont.	Henry M. DeLong.

*Our readers are reminded that the subscription to the NEWS is \$4.00 per annum, payable in advance; if unpaid in three months it will be charged at the rate of Five Dollars.*

*All OLD subscribers whose subscriptions are unpaid on 1st July next, will be struck off the list.*

*All NEW subscriptions received henceforward, MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.*

THE CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1872.

POLITICAL affairs in Ontario are at present engaging general attention throughout the Dominion. The apparently even balance of parties when the new House met; the unanimous election of Mr. Scott to the Speakership and the subsequent successful assault upon the address, presented some unusual features in parliamentary tactics. According to use and wont in parliamentary proceedings, when a new House meets with a doubtful balance of parties the Opposition leaders usually try their strength on the election of Speaker. The vote on the Speakership is one of purely party significance. The gentlemen put forward on each side are usually unobjectionable to the members on both sides; or at least common courtesy

imposes the obligation of treating them as such, and a vote on the Speakership, either with or without an opposing candidate, is invariably regarded as a vote of confidence or want of confidence in the advisers of the Queen or her representative. In Canada the practice so far varies from that prevailing in the Imperial Parliament, that with us the Speaker is usually changed with every Parliament, whereas in England the gentleman once chosen is re-elected by each succeeding Parliament, until after long service he is elevated to the peerage with a seat in the House of Lords. But with this exception, the course of a newly-elected Legislature in Canada has been heretofore shaped on the model of British precedent.

At Toronto, however, a new line of tactics was followed. The Opposition claiming to be in the majority, and to be in fact the true exponents of public sentiment as expressed at the general election last spring, accepted the nominee of the Government who was also a Conservative, and, as a consequence, Mr. Scott was elected by acclamation, though the Opposition were not destitute of men of parliamentary experience, who might have been pitted against him without the risk of losing votes on personal grounds. It has since been stated by the leader of the new Government that Mr. Scott, though a Conservative, was entirely acceptable as a candidate for the Speakership, because of his excellent personal character, his high standing and great experience in parliamentary practice. This we think was a wise conclusion on the part of Mr. Blake and his supporters, because it practically recognised the principle that men holding judicial position, even within the walls of parliament, should be chosen on account of their fitness for office, and not because of their politics. It must strengthen the hands of the presiding officer of the House to feel that, though the members sitting on one side or the other of him do not share in his political views or approve his party associations, they yet have confidence in his ability and impartiality. The step thus made by the Ontario Assembly is one in the right direction, as tending to subordinate party interests to the common good. Especially in the Local Legislatures throughout the Dominion should this example be studied, as the questions they have to deal with are very seldom such as will admit of a fair party division on political grounds unless at the sacrifice of individual judgment.

But on the downfall of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald's Cabinet another step was made calculated to still further weaken the influence of Party in Provincial politics. The new Premier, the Hon. Mr. Blake, made an exposition of the policy of his Cabinet, in which he laid down many principles to which Conservatives as readily as Reformers might give their assent. On the general party question he was quite emphatic. His government would be strictly neutral—neither for nor against the Government at Ottawa, yet as a member of the Dominion Parliament he reserved to himself the right to pursue the same course as he had done before, recognising the like privilege in others. He further stated that the Commissioner of Crown Lands had in no way changed his political position any more than he (Mr. Blake) had done; but that as they both agreed on the policy which Mr. Blake had adopted in relation to Local and Provincial affairs, Mr. Scott had joined his Cabinet without loss of personal or political honour on either side. This is a great advance towards the union of all political parties for the settlement of such questions as they can honestly agree upon, and a practical recognition of the wisdom of the Ontario and Dominion programmes of 1867. The only difference between the two cases is as to whose "ox was gored."

The subject was further elucidated by Mr. Scott himself in his speech on the day of his re-election. He then affirmed that his political relations had not been changed in the least; that he found, on all Local and Provincial questions, Mr. Blake and himself holding kindred views; and that on certain matters of local policy, especially with regard to the lumbering interests of the Ottawa, he was not in harmony with the late government, though he had sustained them during the first four sessions of the Legislature in obedience to his promises to his constituents.

The situation thus presented is not a new one in Canada. It was illustrated in the old Province in 1854, when a portion of the Upper Canada Reformers coalesced with the leaders of the Conservatives for the settlement of the Clergy Reserves, and other weighty questions then agitating the public mind. It was again illustrated in 1864, when, after the Hon. J. S. Macdonald's two years of ineffectual struggle to establish party government on a firm basis he abandoned the task, and when the old coalitionists, who had by that time become, by long contact, a homogeneous party, were unsuccessful in establishing themselves in power, the Hon. George Brown, followed by nearly the whole of the Upper Canada Reformers, coalesced with the Conservatives for the purpose of

effecting a confederation of the Provinces. Though some of the parties to this coalition have argued that it should have ended with the coming into force of the Union Act, yet at the general election in 1867 the country gave a verdict overwhelmingly in favour of its continuance. It was thought that in Ontario, at least, opinion had changed upon this point after another four years' experience, but the composition of the new government shows the fallacy of that opinion, or that the Premier has selected his colleagues on a principle of which the people do not approve.

The mere narration of these facts is enough to prove that, whatever professional politicians may say, the intelligence of the country has outgrown the blind follow-my-leader party principle in the administration of affairs affecting the substantial interests of the country. Take the Ontario timber lands as an example. In the management of these, Reformers and Conservatives have an equal interest; so with respect to railways and other public works for the development of the resources of the Province; and it seems evident, whatever may be the term of the new government's lease of office, Conservatives and Reformers will be found working together on one, if not on both sides of the Legislative Assembly. Whether this combination among leading men of the two political parties, which, by courtesy, are recognised as existing in Canada, is more favourable to the development of political immorality than the hard and fast party system, we do not pretend to say, but certain it is that all the great political changes within the past twenty years have been effected through the agency of "coalitions" so called, and it seems as if their end were not yet.

THIS SIDE AND THAT.

Yesterday morning news was brought to Sergeant Carson, of the Ottawa Street Police Station, that two children had been frozen to death. He proceeded to the place indicated, and found a wretched man and woman lying on the floor. In one corner lay the two children, one of them quite naked, covered with a few miserable rags. Life had apparently been extinct for some hours, as the bodies of both were hard as lumps of marble. The eldest child was a boy of two years old, the other was a mere infant some three months of age.—*Montreal Gazette, Jan. 9th.*

An informal meeting of the City Council was held yesterday afternoon in the Mayor's office. The object of the meeting was to vote the sum of two thousand dollars for payment of the Grand Duke Alexis and suite's expenses at St. Lawrence Hall from the time apartments were taken for them until their departure from the city. It was moved by Alderman Alexander, seconded by Councillor McShane, "That the sum of two thousand dollars be voted to pay the hotel expenses of the Grand Duke and suite. All the members present at once voted in favour of the motion with exception of \* \* \* \* \*"  
—*Montreal Gazette, Jan. 10th.*

It was quite right that the Corporation should have honourably discharged the expenses legitimately incurred in entertaining so distinguished a guest, and we regret, for the credit of the city, that even three members were found to vote against it. But is it right to allow human beings to herd in dens in which the *Gazette* reporter says it would be cruel to put either a horse or a cow for a single night? We have an Inspector of Buildings; might we not have an Inspector of Dwellings? The wretched parents of these murdered innocents rented the "den" some ten days before the terribly cold night of Sunday last, and we hardly think it fair that proprietors should be permitted to dispose of such places for human habitation. There are in the city many charitable institutions, into some of which the wretched McCaffery with his wife and two children might have been placed. The paragraph in the *Gazette*, first quoted above, states also that but for the charity of Sergeant Carson another family would have been frozen to death on the same bitter night. Now, why should not some policeman or other Corporation official have discovered the inmates of the "den" off Kempt street?

ANOTHER TRAGEDY IN NEW YORK.

On Saturday last the famous James Fisk, jr., millionaire, speculator, manipulator of Erie Railway Stock, &c., &c., was shot by Edward S. Stokes, at the Grand Central Hotel, under circumstances which were so fully detailed with characteristic gusto by the New York reporters and thereafter sent to the four winds by telegraph, that we need not particularly describe them. Fisk received two shots, one in the breast and another in the abdomen. He fully identified his murderer, and in the evening dictated his will, dividing his immense fortune among his relations, leaving the greater part of it to his wife. He died on Sunday morning, and on Monday morning his funeral obsequies, of the most imposing character, were commenced at New York and concluded at Brattleboro, Vt., on Tuesday where his remains were interred. We are further told that his murderer has been confined in an apartment furnished with every convenience! Stokes is a broker and was, until confined, the paramour of a woman named Mansfield, who in conjunction with Stokes, instituted proceedings against Fisk with the purpose of levying blackmail. The case went completely against them and hence Stokes's indignation. The murder is done, New York is excited and the newspaper

reporters have a case on hand that will last a week. The two most degrading vices of human nature—lust and avarice—were at the bottom of the whole affair, and as Stokes is wealthy and *Mrs Mansfield* supposed to have received not a little money and other valuables from the deceased Fisk, it is probable that Stokes will be regarded as an instrument of vengeance in the hands of Providence and so escape the hanging "by the neck until he is dead," which he so richly merits.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LETTS'S POCKET DIARY AND ALMANAC FOR 1872. London, Eng.: Letts, Son & Co., (limited), New Cross, E. C., 1871.

This valuable pocket diary is already well-known and very highly appreciated in Great Britain and Ireland, and is rapidly finding favour in the Colonies. It contains a copious calendar and a vast amount of information, together with ample space for recording memoranda of the daily transactions throughout the year. The same firm publishes an *Illustrated Monthly Circular of Novelties*, of especial value to importers, which they send to all merchants or others free on receipt of one year's postage.

ANECDOTES OF A LIFE ON THE OCEAN; being a portion of the experiences of twenty-seven years' service in many parts of the world, by David Cowans. Montreal, 1871.

This is a handsomely got-up duodecimo of about two hundred pages. The binding is tasteful, and the reading matter very entertaining. In a series of brief stories Capt. Cowans relates some of the most remarkable of his adventures at sea, all of which are calculated to interest and amuse those whose lives are mainly spent on *terra firma*. The style is most unpretending but easy and enjoyable. We are sure that all who invest in Capt. Cowans' "Anecdotes" will find them pleasant reading. They furnish a diversion to the wearied mind after the toils of the day are over, and that is more than we can say of many of the publications of the day. We hope the Captain will meet with a large sale for his entertaining little work.

NASSAU AS A WINTER RETREAT.

(Continued from Nov. 25th.)

It has become a well established custom, at the present time, for physicians to recommend a change of climate for all patients affected with pulmonary diseases; and occasionally, also, for those troubled with rheumatic and nervous tendencies. As all these diseases are aggravated by the cold and damp of our northern winters, it is at this season especially that a change is desirable. And as they are all, more or less, ameliorated by the genial warmth and dryness of summer, it is evident that a southern climate, where the winter resembles our summer, is the most desirable. Moreover, as it is necessary to avoid all sudden and extreme changes of temperature, and in the degree of humidity, an equable and moderately moist atmosphere must be sought.

Such a climate, as that here indicated, unfortunately cannot be found on any inhabited and civilized part of the continent of North America. The nearest approach to it is on the South-Eastern coast of the peninsula of Florida. But it cannot be made available, as there are here none of the conveniences of civilized life; and, consequently, no accommodation for invalids. There are few inhabitants of any kind, and, indeed, hardly any means of getting there. But this place will doubtless soon be settled by the Americans with the view of making it a winter resort for invalids.

In the meantime people are anxiously inquiring for some suitable climate in which to spend the winter; and are running hither and thither all over the continent in quest of this desideratum, while purposely neglecting, merely because it happens to be under the much-hated British rule, a place in the immediate vicinity of that before mentioned, and which enjoys a much superior climate. We allude to the Bahama Islands, of which a short account was given a few weeks ago in these columns.

The following extract, from a recent and reliable work on Florida, will show the inferiority of its climate to that of the Bahamas as a winter resort for invalids and valetudinarians:

"No part of the State (Florida) is entirely free from frosts. In Jacksonville they occur about once a week during the month of January, while at Miami they happen only once in several years. Now and then a severe frost occurs, which destroys the orange groves far to the south. One such in 1767 destroyed all the orange trees at Fernandina and St. Augustine; another in 1835 cut them down as far south as New Smyrna; in Dec., 1856, ice was noted on the Miami river; and in Dec., 1868, there was such an unprecedented cold snap that Lake Griffin, in the Upper Oklawaha, bore ice one-and-a-half inches thick. The orange crop was destroyed as far up the St. John as Enterprise, and most of the trees ruined." And, again, the same work says:—"The prevailing diseases are of miasmatic origin. Dysentery of mild type, pneumonia and diarrhoea are occasional visitors; but the most common enemy to health is the swamp poison. Intermittent and remittent fevers are common along the fresh-water streams. On the sea-coast they are rare, and after the month of October they usually disappear; but in the summer and early autumn they are very prevalent in some portions of the State."

When it is considered that these diseases are almost unknown in the Bahamas, we recognise one great climatic superiority in this fact; for even the lightest attack of fever and ague can destroy the pleasure and annul the benefits of a winter's tour.

And a voyage to the tropical regions is, in many respects, more interesting than a passage across the Atlantic to Europe. Though, as we go south, we leave behind us the present forms of civilization, and observe society as it existed a century ago, yet many novelties present themselves which are never experienced during a trip to Europe. The changes in the climate and in the forms of vegetation are alone sufficient to impress us with the idea that we have arrived in a new world; and cannot be realized in the mind, but must be experienced to be appreciated.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION

of the Bahamas extends from the 20th to the 27th degree of North latitude; and from the 72nd to the 79th degree of West longitude. The islands do not cover the whole of this area, but extend in a wide and irregular chain from its North-Western to its South-Eastern limits. Their number has been variously estimated at from five to six hundred; but if every little island and rock were counted, the number would be swelled to many thousands. Of these, however, only fourteen are of any considerable size—all the others being too small and too barren to be of any consequence. One of the larger islands, called St. Salvador, (or Cat Island) was the first land discovered by Columbus on his first voyage across the Atlantic.

THE GEOLOGICAL FORMATION

of the islands is, throughout the whole group, of the same character. A soft calcareous rock, composed of corals, shells, madrepores, and other *debris* of animal life, is the substance of which the entire number of islands is composed. There is no soil on them, except a little vegetable mould here and there in the valleys. Notwithstanding the absence of soil, however, the islands are covered with large trees, and literally overrun with tangled brushwood, wild vines, &c., so great is the vegetative power of nature in the tropics. The rock is so soft that the roots of trees, shrubs, and even vegetables and flower plants force their way through it with as much apparent ease as they would through the finest and lightest soil. It is so porous that the sea water permeates it the entire length and breadth of the largest of the islands, and rests at the same level as the surrounding ocean; while the rain water, falling from the clouds, percolates through the rock and rests or floats on the system of the salt water of the sea, rising and falling with the tides of the latter. Being lighter than the salt water, it does not mix with it, and is thus preserved pure and fresh. This rock forms an excellent material for building purposes. Though so soft, when first taken from the quarries, that it may be scraped away with the finger nail, it hardens by exposure to the air, and becomes quite equal to ordinary limestone for similar purposes. It is usually worked with saws and chisels, and apparently with as much ease and readiness as if it were only chalk. Most of the houses on the islands are built of this stone, and really look pretty and substantial. By moonlight they appear as white as snow, and strangers have often been deceived into the belief that they were constructed of white marble.

THE SOIL AND CROPS.

As before mentioned, there is but little soil, and that little consists only of a light vegetable mould, rich, but of course soon exhausted. Most of the vegetables of the temperate zones can be cultivated with success during the dry season; and all the vegetables and delicious fruits of the tropics at all seasons.

The principal fruits produced for exportation are the orange, lemon, pine-apple, banana, and plantain. Thousands of dozens of pine-apples are annually exported to the United States; and a large number also find their way to the English market. But for all this there is no regular system of cultivation pursued; and the islands have a neglected and desolate appearance. A pine-apple field (or as there called, a pinery) resembles, more than anything else, a dried up swamp covered with long, rank, broad-bladed grass. There are no fences to mark its boundaries; no ditches to drain it of superfluous water; no roads or paths to traverse it in any direction; and, in consequence, it soon overspreads its original limits, and encroaches upon the neighbouring grounds. Whether this is an advantage to the owner, or otherwise, depends upon the temper and disposition of his neighbour.

The orange and lemon trees are equally neglected. They are never supplied with manure, nor watered during a drought; and as for pruning, it seems never to be thought of by these model horticulturists. The same remarks apply to the banana and plantain; the only attention shown to these being to cut down the main stem of the plant after it has borne fruit, its place being soon supplied by one of the many shoots which are continually springing up around the parent stem. This young shoot bears fruit in about nine months, and is then cut down in its turn to make way for another. This goes on for years without any change in the process, or any attempt to improve the quality of the fruit, or increase the quantity yielded. It must, however, be acknowledged in justification of this negligence, that all these fruits are produced in such abundance as to render unnecessary any attempts to increase the yield.

Formerly a considerable quantity of sugar and molasses was produced, but since the emancipation of the slaves, this branch of industry failed to prove remunerative, and was abandoned until very lately, when some very fine sugar, the result of free labour, has been produced at a cost which leaves a sufficient margin for profit. It is to be hoped that these attempts to revive this branch of industry will be successful; as the islands appear to be impoverished by the excess of their importations over their exportations. A gentleman from Chicago, Illinois, who spent last winter in Nassau, has suggested that the olive-tree might be cultivated with great advantage in these islands; and in a number of letters published in the local papers, has shown that the necessary conditions of climate, soil, and proximity to the American market, are sufficient to justify all attempts in this direction.

INHABITANTS.

The Bahamas were first settled by the Spaniards shortly after their discovery by Columbus in 1492. They were at that time densely peopled by a mild and inoffensive race of Indians; but these were soon shipped off to work in the mines of Peru and Mexico. In 1629 the island of New Providence was colonized by the English; but in 1641 they were driven off by the Spaniards. In 1666 the English again colonized New Providence, which remained in their possession until 1703, when they were expelled by the French and Spaniards, and their plantations destroyed. The islands now became a rendezvous for pirates, whose depredations in these and adjoining seas were at length suppressed by the British navy, and the outlaws reduced to order. In 1776 they were attacked by an American naval squadron; and in 1781 were again occupied by the Spaniards, but since 1783 they have been in the possession of England. The pirates, when subdued, gradually became wreckers; and even at the present day, many of this class are descended directly from those bold outlaws.

But the white people are now gradually abandoning this occupation to the black and coloured races; or, perhaps, it would be nearer the truth to say that they are being crowded out by the number of the latter who resort to this precarious mode of earning a living.

These islands received a considerable addition to their population about the close of the American Revolution. Many of the old loyalists of the Southern States, disdaining to live under "Yankee Government," sold out their estates in the South, emigrated to these islands, and there established themselves as planters, raising sugar-cane, cotton, tobacco, coffee, &c. As these families were wealthy and well educated, they gradually gave a better tone to society; and the finest people to be met with in the islands, at the present day, are the descendants of these aristocrats. Among this class there exists the strongest desire,—amounting almost to an ambition,—to give their children a thorough education at some of the English Universities. They will make the greatest sacrifices to attain this object. They have also a strong desire to inculcate in the hearts and minds of their offspring those elevated and chivalrous views of life which belong to the past rather than to the present utilitarian age.

SLAVERY.

The precise date at which this curse was first introduced into the islands is not easily obtainable; but the writer found in the Recorder's Office at Nassau, the names of black persons who existed in a state of slavery more than a hundred years ago. All this is now happily done away with since the "Emancipation Bill" declared the doom of slavery. But it must be acknowledged that the negro did not rise to the dignity of his new position. Freed from the lash of the overseer, he now refuses all steady labour, though quite willing to do an odd job now and then. He is averse to all continuous work, and no sooner receives his first week's wages than he quits his employment, and idles about until his money is all spent, and he can neither beg, borrow, nor steal anything to satisfy the cravings of nature, when he reluctantly seeks his employer and begs to be re-engaged, promising all kinds of reformation, but only to repeat the programme, until his master refuses any longer to engage him. There are some honourable exceptions to this rule, but the great majority act as above stated; and between these extremes there is every grade of industry and idleness. When removed from the example and influence of the white man, and left to his own devices, he relapses gradually into a state of semi-barbarism; and unless some more vigorous efforts are made for his reclamation than at present, there is danger that these islands may, at no distant day, become so many smaller editions of that "bone of contention" Hayti.

COMMERCE.

The exports are confined to fruits, salt, sponges, turtles, conch shells, dye woods, and woods for cabinet purposes. The imports consist of such articles as are required for the use and convenience of the colonists,—as flour, grain, groceries, canned meats, and meats in ice, salt fish, &c., with dry goods, hardware, &c., &c.

CLIMATE.

We now come to the most interesting part of the subject. A comparison has been previously instituted between these islands and the peninsula of Florida, showing some of the advantages of the former in respect to climate; and though much of what follows may seem to be merely a repetition of the facts before given, the reader must remember that it is necessary to compare all the conditions of each climate with those of the other in order to form a conclusion regarding their respective merits.

It must here be observed that the question is considered solely with reference to pulmonary diseases. Mention will be made presently of other complaints which are likewise benefited by southern climates; but at present our remarks will be confined to their adaptedness to pulmonary affections. Even within these narrow limits there is much room for careful consideration, before the patient decides where he shall spend his winter. One climate will not answer all cases of even the same complaint. The patient should remember that the climate best suited to his case will be that which exhibits in the highest degree that condition of the weather which affords him most relief when at home; therefore, if he feel most comfortable and easy during clear, dry, bracing weather, he should seek that climate which most fulfils these conditions. During the summer months any of the highlands or mountains will answer; and during the winter months the uplands of South Carolina or Georgia will prove to be admirably adapted to his case. But, should he, on the contrary, experience most relief when the atmosphere is warm and moderately humid, he will find those conditions existing, more or less, on the east and south-east coasts of Florida. Should his case, however, demand the utmost equality of temperature, then is there no place where he can be more certain to find what he seeks than among the Bahama Islands.

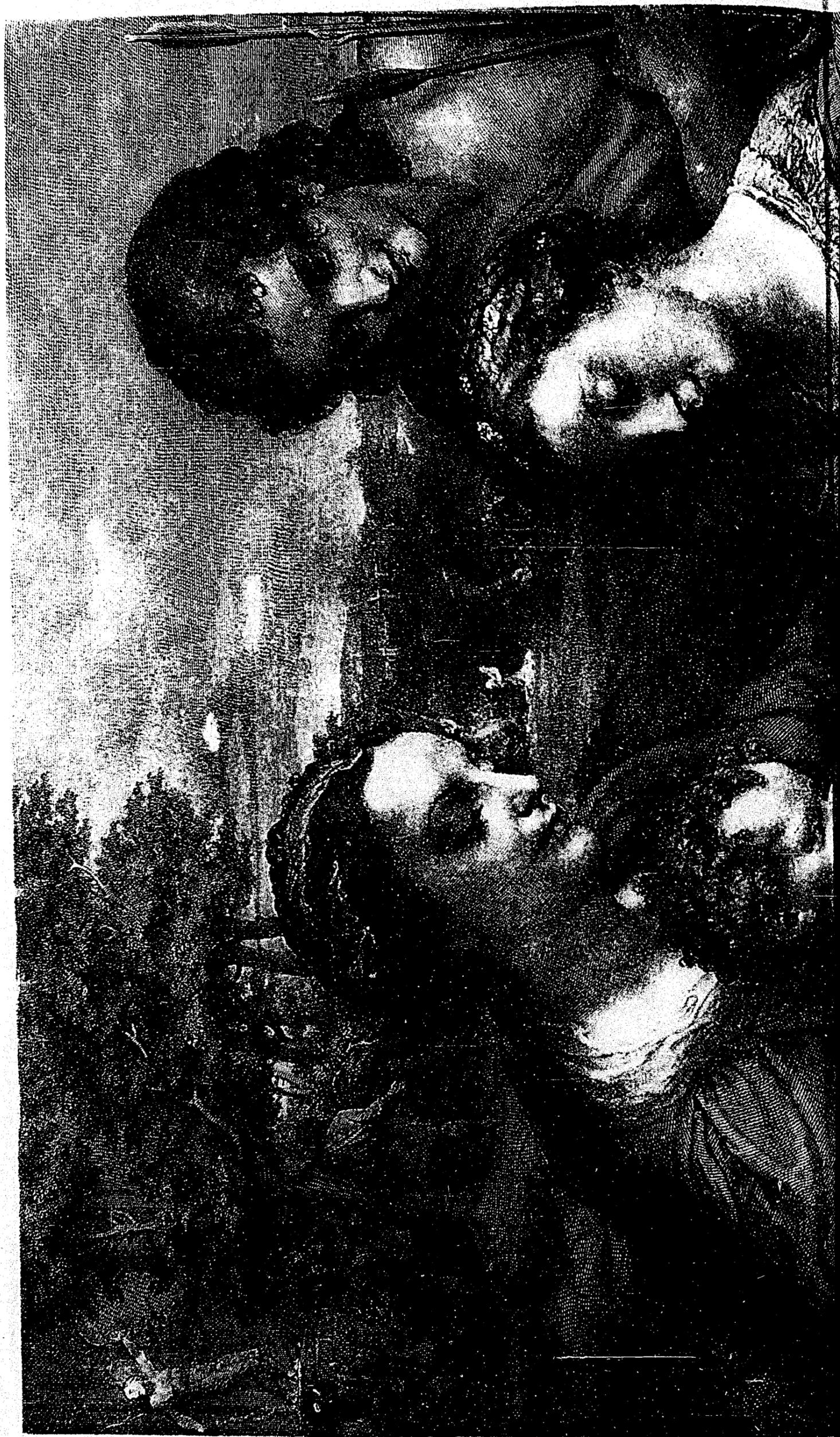
The essential differences between the climate of the Peninsula of Florida and the Bahamas, consist, first, in the higher average winter temperature of the latter; secondly, in its greater equality of temperature; and thirdly, in its somewhat less amount of sensible humidity. Some other conditions, having their influences, will be also mentioned; but at present we shall confine ourselves to the three above named. The mean temperature of the winter months compared is as follows:

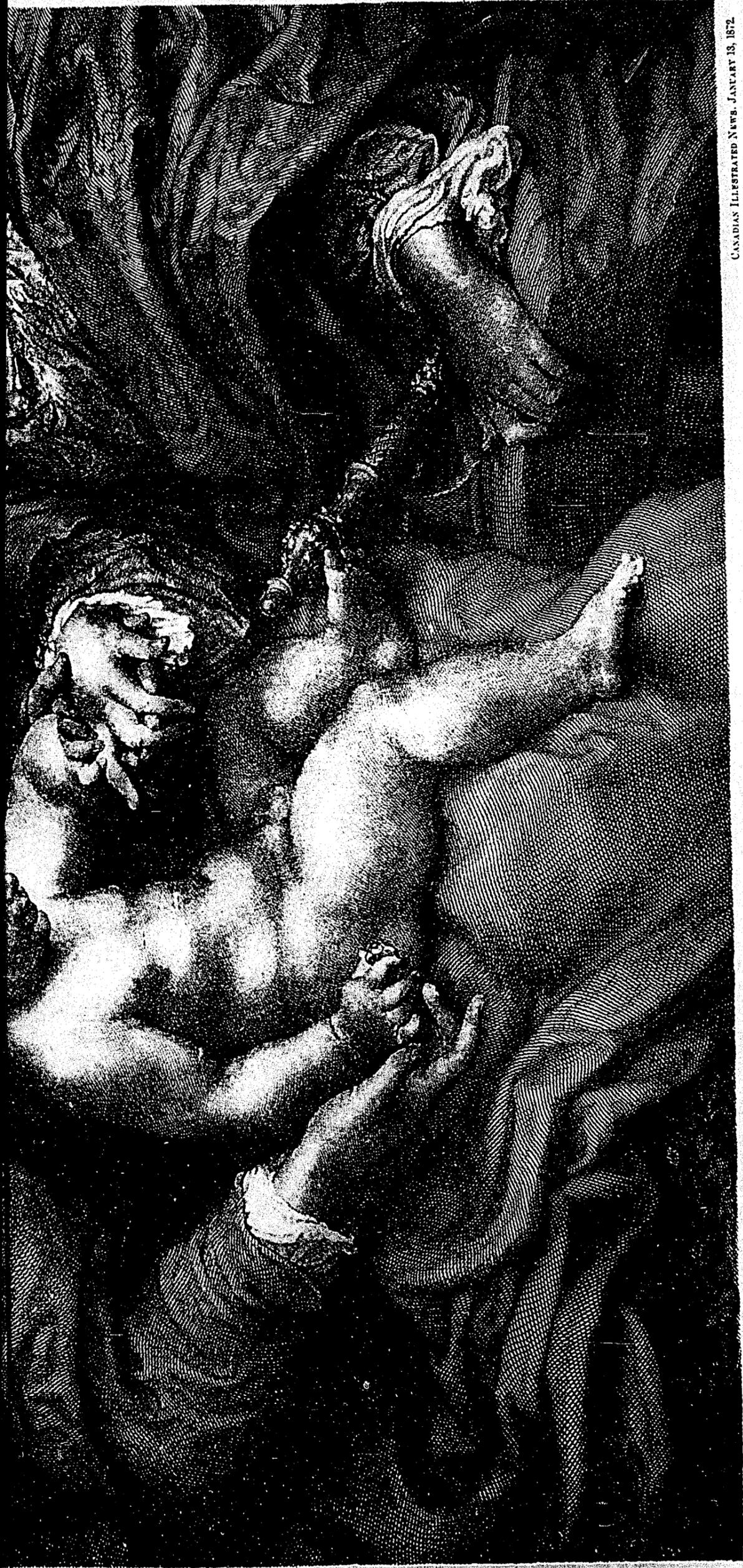
Nassau—Nov. 73°; Dec. 71°; Jan. 70°; Feb. 71°; Mar. 73°; Apl. 75°.  
Florida—Nov. 64°; Dec. 57°; Jan. 57°; Feb. 60°; Mar. 63°; Apl. 69°.

The Town of Nassau is the only place in the Bahamas at which reliable observations have been taken; and the figures given above answer for all the middle and Northern islands. The Southern islands are two or three degrees warmer. The figures given for Florida are from the "Army Meteorological Observations," taken at Saint Augustine, and are thoroughly reliable.

It will be noticed that the greatest difference of temperature is in the months of December and January, amounting to 13° and 14° degrees; while the least difference is in April. The difference between the two climates is very slight in the summer months.

The three months of Dec., Jan. and Feb. are decidedly too cold in Florida to prove beneficial in pulmonary affections. The dampness of the air renders it, at these low mean tem-





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# THE MYSTIC MARRIAGE.

peratures, raw, chilling, and distressing to persons having delicate lungs. The same amount of moisture at a higher temperature, as at Nassau, is soothing and beneficial to the air passages. Hence it is that the atmosphere is *less sensibly* moist at Nassau than in Florida; and this is claimed as one of the great advantages of the former over the latter place. Again, it will be noticed that the difference between the warmest and coldest of the winter months is, at Nassau, but five degrees, while in Florida it amounts to twelve. This leads us directly to the second advantage claimed for Nassau, —namely, the greater equability of temperature during the winter months. The average of the extreme monthly range is, at Nassau, a little over twenty degrees, while at St. Augustine it is nearly forty. The single extremes which have been observed do not improve the position of Florida in this comparison. The lowest point ever reached by the thermometer in Nassau was 54° —this was in Feb. 1835. On the same date the temperature at St. Augustine fell to 9°, and vegetation was entirely destroyed by the intense cold. Snow fell the entire day long at Jacksonville, less than 30 miles distant. The highest temperatures reached are about equal in the two places, being due to the effects of the unclouded sun.

More instances of extremely low depressions of temperature can be given;—as, in the winter of 1843 when the thermometer fell to 18°, and the leaves of trees were scathed as if a scathing fire had swept over the land. In the winter of 1846, and again in 1852 the thermometer fell below 23°, and vegetation was completely destroyed on both occasions. Besides these extreme depressions, the temperature frequently falls below 40°, and this degree of cold is almost always accompanied by white frost when the sky is clear, which is the normal state of the atmosphere in these latitudes during the winter, or dry season. These frosts will happen about once a week during the months of January and February, and less often during December and March. They are extremely rare during the other winter months.

Returning to the climate of Nassau, we find that the mean temperature of any of the winter months is never more than 3° above or below the average calculated for a number of years; while at St. Augustine it will vary 7° or 8° degrees from the standard. Thus, the temperature of January may be in one winter as high as 65°, and the next as low as 50°, while at Nassau it will not range above 73° nor below 67°. There is thus more regularity in the seasons at Nassau than St. Augustine; and the experience of one winter may be relied on as a fair criterion of others. This cannot be said of Florida, where the month of January may be as cold as October with us in the North, or as warm as our June. One season's experience is therefore no indication of what the next may be found. This variability is, of course, a great disadvantage in any climate; but especially in one which it has become customary to recommend as the best *Sinitorium* accessible to Americans. From the comparisons above made, however, there can be no doubt but this much praised climate is far inferior to that of the Bahamas.

A few words on the comparative *sensible humidity* of these two climates will close this part of the subject. The statistical tables on this point are so few and so unreliable, that we refrain from presenting them; but merely offer the following remarks for the reader's consideration.

It has been asserted that the climate of Florida must necessarily be dryer than that of the Bahamas, because the former is a large tract of land, easily heated under circumstances favourable to the dissipation of all moisture; while the latter are merely small islands surrounded by the constantly evaporating waters of a tropical ocean.

But a little acquaintance with the great system of air-currents prevailing in these latitudes will expose the fallacy of this conclusion.

The East and North-East trade-winds prevail almost constantly as far North as the latitude of Nassau, (25°) and in the summer months they extend to latitude 28°. These winds, coming as an upper current from the polar regions, are dry and cool; and flowing into the warmer regions of the tropics, are precipitated and become a surface current just above the latitude of the Bahamas. There is, therefore, a cool and dry atmosphere during the prevalence of these winds at Nassau.

At St. Augustine (latitude 30°) the prevailing winds are the West and South-West. These form portions of the great equatorial upper current flowing North; which, being precipitated about this latitude, become surface currents flowing East and North-East. Coming from the tropics they are warm and moist, and though they increase the temperature during their prevalence, they add to the humidity of the atmosphere, which is, therefore, both sensibly and absolutely damper there than at the Bahamas. During the summer these winds alternate fitfully with the trades, and in some seasons give place to the latter for many weeks together. In the winter they often yield to winds from the North, North-West, and North-East, which are usually cold, dry, and harsh. These facts are surely sufficient to prove that the Bahamas have a dryer climate, both sensibly and absolutely, than Florida; even without the universal testimony, in favour of the former, of those who have visited both places.

We must now pass on to the consideration of some other advantages possessed by the Bahamas, over and above the superiority of the climate. Many of these may, at first sight, appear to be of no importance; but taken collectively they will be found to have their influences. One of the first and most important is the almost total absence of all miasmatic fevers during the dry season. These prevail in all parts of Florida, and, more or less, at all seasons. Now the benefits derived from months of care and attention have often been destroyed by a single attack of intermittent or remittent fever. Several instances of such unfortunate relapses have been related to the writer by the sufferers themselves.

Freedom from these, and similar diseases, is an advantage second only to that of a superior climate.

In the next place, the rude and disorderly condition of society in all the Southern States is an objection which cannot be passed over lightly. Many persons have assured the writer that they would not wish *again* to feel that sense of insecurity experienced on their first visit to the Southern States. An anxious and troubled condition of mind is not at all likely to improve the patient's chances of recovery. In the Bahamas the most perfect order prevails; and the visitor will meet with the greatest civility and kindness from all persons, white or black.

The great abundance of delicious tropical fruits to be had in the Bahamas, are an additional agent of cure not to be

despised. Change of diet is frequently as beneficial as change of air and scene; though all persons are not equally susceptible in this respect. Those of a highly nervous temperament are much more likely to be benefited by any change than the cold and phlegmatic. And, again, the patient, of whatever temperament, whose attention is keenly given to his new surroundings, and who can for the time forget his malady, is much more likely to derive benefit from a change of air and scene than he whose mind is wholly engrossed with the symptoms of his disease. Therefore, let the patient, so far as may be, shake off all thoughts of sickness, and endeavour to interest himself as much as possible in the peculiarities of his new situation.

Another advantage here is that the sea-water is always warm enough to bathe in; which cannot be said of any part of Florida, excepting Key-West, and the small islands about the south end of the Peninsula.

It is true there is some danger of sharks if the bather plunge into the water unguardedly; but this danger is easily avoided by setting a negro boy to watch for the approach of these unwelcome visitors, or by frequenting the bathing-houses—the charge being a mere trifle.

To a person of literary tastes, the well assorted Library of over six thousand volumes, in the Public Buildings, would be a consideration in deciding upon their winter quarters, not to be overlooked. The stranger will be admitted to the privileges of the Library during his visit for a merely nominal sum; and he may have as many as five books out at a time, and change any or the whole of them as often as he chooses.

There are several other advantages in locating oneself here, but it would tedious to mention them all; especially as most persons would consider them of no importance.

It will be noticed that we have written almost exclusively for the benefit of invalids; and having given all the information which seems necessary, we close with a short list of maladies which may be relieved and often completely cured by a few winters in the South.

First on the list stands that formidable enemy—Consumption—if taken in its very earliest stages.

Bronchitis stands next; and here we can most confidently look for certain relief.

Rheumatism, and its frequent concomitant, organic disease of the heart, are almost always relieved by a warm and equable climate.

Dyspepsia, nervous and mental exhaustion, with their attendant evils, often succumb to a winter or two in a warm climate.

A longer list might be given but that we dread the charge of empiricism.

W. A.

#### SLEEP ENOUGH.

Doctors of medicine are either growing complacent or sensible. A great many of them have concluded that it is better to become allies of nature than to fight her and repel all her kindly aid. Perhaps the physicians are always wise (they always look wise) and only yielded to popular prejudices in their Sangrado practice and their rigorous counsel. We have all been taught there is merit in wasting as few hours as possible in sleep, and that early rising is one of the cardinal virtues—admitting for the Protestant moment that cardinals have virtues. We have all been educated to believe that the time given to the bed is lost, and that we gain all the hours we steal from it. Children have been taught that prompt rising in the morning is a beautiful thing.

I am not sorry, therefore, that one of the medical faculty, Dr. Hall, has had the good sense to tell the world that children until the age of eighteen, and old and feeble people (and he might as well have said everybody), need ten hours' sleep; and that bouncing suddenly out of bed in the morning is as hurtful as it is disagreeable; that fifteen or twenty minutes spent in gradually waking up, stretching the limbs and letting the blood slowly resume its wonted circulation, is time well spent. For the sudden sending of blood to the heart is a severe shock, and the person who gets up in this hasty and reckless manner is certain to be drowsy by midday unless he or she is an editor or a belle, and does not get up till afternoon. I concur in this—in fact, I always knew that it was true; and think, further, that pulling anybody out of bed ought to be a State Prison offence, and that conviction for it could be had before any of our ordinary sleepy juries—if they were awake enough to hear the evidence.

Many people seem to think it is unbecoming to sleep much any where, except in church and at evening lectures. They speak of it as a merit that they do with so few hours' sleep at home. This is why there are so many stupid people in society—admitting for the argument that there are so many—they got up too soon or too suddenly, and are never fairly awake all through. What seems to be stupidity, is really want of sleep. A good many of the sermons, and now and then an editorial, are written in this state of mind; and even fashionable people go gaping around, making yawning calls upon acquaintances who ought to be in bed, and who wish the callers were.

The world is all astray about this matter of sleep, led away by nursery couplets about early to rise, and the examples of Napoleon, Peter the Great, and other military heroes, who are reported to have been satisfied with an hour or two of sleep snatched from the twenty-four, taken on a plank, while their half-dozen scribbling secretaries were not allowed to sleep at all. We all know what became of Napoleon. Even Mr. Abbott cannot make it appear that he had much more than a respect for the Ruler of the Universe. These sleepless people have made much mischief in the world. Catherine de Medici was, we believe, a light sleeper. George Washington, on the contrary, took his time, waked up the Father of his Country by degrees, got out of bed with thoughtful slowness. What a ridiculous idea it would be to think of that great man as bouncing out of bed at the first bell, and dressing himself as if there was a fire next door.

The instinct of children against early and especially sudden rising is well founded; and it is pleasant to have the learned faculty confirm a long and growing conviction that it is not a sin to lie in bed until the second bell rings. It is the experience of the majority of the people that the most delicious moments of the whole day are those when they ought to get up, and do not.

Hereafter let them linger in this delightful borderland with a quiet conscience. Nature is about to be vindicated by the scientists. If the whole of life could be like that brief

interval between half awaking and getting out into the cold world—that rare space of time when duty calls so faintly that there is a sweet delight in letting it call before conscience is aroused at all—one might like to revise the hymn-book, and live away. We have been now for several thousand years going to the ant and getting away from the sluggard to that degree that we have developed a very nervous condition. To say nothing of being defrauded of our rights, and of the legitimate and healthy luxury of sleeping long and waking up slowly, as plants do, no doubt many of the nervous diseases that are attributed to stock gambling, tobacco, and unrequited love are due to want of sufficient sleep, from childhood up.

It is not an idle fancy that we moderns do not sleep enough. It is perhaps right to shoot soldiers for sleeping at their posts. It disciplines them; but it might be better to relieve guard oftener, and send them to bed. Yet civilians generally ought to be lectured for sleeping too little. All the passages in school books about early rising should be stricken out, and there should be verses promising a moderate competence as the reward of sleeping enough and coming out of sleep by degrees. In old times perhaps it did not matter so much, when the world was less busy, and there was less strain upon the faculties during the waking hours. But every one can see now that the world is red hot with money and politics and ritualism, and all sorts of rights, patent, and some that are not so patent, and a feverish literature; and, in order to bear the wear and carry the load of it, a man needs to sleep more hours than he did when he only rose to eat and drink, and hunt the wild boar, and slay a few of his neighbors before an early dinner. But we do not sleep as much as the former generation did who had less to do. We are becoming more and more wakeful, so that we cannot sleep soundly in the season we give to rest. It is a nervous wakefulness, and not the dull vigor of all the powers which should result from proper rest of the system. No one can be at his best in any hour unless he has given as many hours to solid sleep as his system requires. The demands of business and the exactions of society keep most of us out of bed unmercifully, and in time we get jadedly used to the unnatural life, and take credit to ourselves that we can do with the fewest hours of sleep. It is a great mistake. There have been great men who were able to accomplish a great amount of work with little sleep; but we may be sure that, if we want to be great men, or, what is more important in this day, great women, we shall reach the goal soonest by being good sleepers. That was an honorable epitaph on the Dutchman's tombstone: "He was a gut sleeper." It will not be said of many of this nervous, excited generation.

It is well, however, to plead for the children. Let it be understood that it is no merit in a child to pop out of bed instantly upon the stroke of the bell, like a surprised and obfuscated jack-in-the-box. And give everybody time to wake up, decently and in order. And let all the people say blessed is the medical man who preaches the gospel of morning "catnaps."—Chas. D. Warner, in the Independent.

We hear a good story of a man who went to see a friend. The family consisted of the husband, his wife and two grown sons. The good old lady was the only one of the family who did not take a little of the "O be joyful." Sitting by the fireside a few minutes the old man tipped him a wink, and the visitor followed him out. Stopping by a tree, he pulled out a long-necked bottle, remarking, "I have to keep it hid, for the boys might get to drinking, and the old woman would raise the deuce." They took a drink, returning to the fireside. Soon Tom, the elder son, asked the visitor out to see a colt, and taking him to the barn, pulled out a flask, remarking, "I have to keep this hid, for the old man would get drunk, and the deuce is to pay," and they both took a drink and returned. Soon Bob stepped on the visitor's toes and walked off, the visitor following. As they reached the pigpen, Bob drew out a good sized bottle, remarking, "You know the old man and Tom will get drunk, and I have to hide this." The visitor concluded he could not stand it to drink confidentially with the whole three, and started for home.

TATTOOED FROM HEAD TO FOOT.—The *British Medical Journal* says there is now exhibiting in medical circles in Vienna a remarkable instance of tattooing of the whole body. According to his own account, the man, a Greek by birth, had been a pirate, and had also carried on brigandage on the Continent. Seven years ago, he and five companions were taken prisoners by one of the wild tribes of Asia. Three of them were put to death, but this man, with two others, were preserved alive and literally tattooed over the entire body. The operation lasted two months, and was performed by six men, who each day operated on different parts of the body. The proceeding caused horrible pain; and his two companions died under the treatment. His body is covered from head to foot with delineations of men, animals, and fabulous things. The colouring material used for the figures appears to be indigo, the ground, especially on the chest and abdomen, being vermilion; here and there, about a line's breadth of the normal colour of the skin can be seen. The hands and the soles of the feet are coloured, but have no figures. On the face and neck are inscriptions in characters resembling Arabic. The skin has the general appearance, to the sight and touch, of bluish-grey velvet. He attends the General Hospital in Vienna; and Professor Hebra, who showed him to his class a few days ago, has had him photographed in various attitudes.

An old man of Aberdeen who had been hen-pecked all his life was visited on his death-bed by a clergyman. The old man appeared very indifferent, and the parson tried to arouse him by talking of the King of Terrors. "Hout, tout, mon, I'm no scaurt. The King o' Terrors? I've been living sax-and-thirty years with the Queen o' them, and the King canna be muckle waur."

At artistic curiosity of great value has lately come to light in Vienna. It is a complete set of wooden chessmen, some inches high, richly carved, and full of character, by no less a master than Albrecht Durer.

An enterprising firm in Philadelphia has shipped a large invoice of school slates to Japan, which will probably lead to the introduction of Mansard roofs there.

#### BIRTH.

In Montreal, on the 8th instant, Mrs. C. D. Thériault, of a daughter.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

**JACOB TOTTLES AND HIS WIFE RACHEL.**

**A Newfoundland Christmas Tale.**

In the whole of Newfoundland there is no prettier or more picturesque village than Punch Bowl. It lies nestling snugly in a deep hollow, completely encircled by hills—hence its name. In one direction there is a narrow opening in this hilly rampart, through which a little brook rushes impetuously, and after winding its way among huge boulders and forming several tiny cascades, overhung by the dark fir trees or the branches of the mountain-ash, it ends all its brawlings and frettings in the peaceful bosom of the little harbour, on both sides of which the village of Punch Bowl is built. In summer, the surrounding hills are covered to their summits with the bright green foliage of the poplar, birch, aspen, spruce and mountain-ash, the open spaces near the top, or "barrens," as they are locally termed, being occupied by berry-bearing bushes of all kinds. A soft of leafy bower thus encircles the little village. When autumn comes, these woods present a joyous sight—an amphitheatre of golden glories—masses of the deepest orange relieved and thrown forward by the sombre green of the firs, and intermingled with purple, lake and red. In winter, again, these hills are snow-clad, and, with their white bosoms, seem to draw closer together, brooding over and guarding from the wintry blasts the little nest of humanity below. An indescribable air of snugness is thus imparted to Punch Bowl.

The narrow valley, at the bottom of which the village lies, cuts transversely the huge wall of rock, two or three hundred feet in height, which forms the eastern coast of Newfoundland; an opening for the admission of the sea is thus made, and a snug little harbour has been formed. A narrow channel, only deep enough for small fishing craft, connects the harbour with the ocean. Once anchored inside the boats of the fishermen are safe from the wild wrath of the Atlantic that is thundering against the dark cliffs without, and charging up the bold headlands in desperate fury. When a south-east gale is blowing and hurling the watery battalions on the shore, there is something grand in the boom of ocean as it comes over the "South-side hill" at Punch Bowl—like the distant bellowings of some mighty organ uttering a wild, stormy piece of music. Then, when a gentle breeze blows, there comes over the hill tops the soft murmuring of "many-voiced ocean," making a sweet and soothing melody.

Punch Bowl contains a population of about 800 souls, who are, generation after generation, engaged in working the silvery quarries of the sea. The whole of their subsistence is drawn from the surrounding ocean. Their thoughts are mainly sea-ward, and their aspirations, hopes and fears are bound up with the changing aspects, the frowns and smiles of old ocean. They do not look upon it altogether as an object of dread and terror; for though it has been the grave of many of their kindred, and has torn from their bosoms many a loved one, yet is it not, too, the bountiful mother, bringing rich treasures to their doors, "filling their hearts with food and gladness," and lavishing upon them, without any sowing or ploughing, a perennial harvest? If terrible in its wrath, it is also at times generous and gentle. The land is barren—it is nothing to them but a place to dry their nets and cure their fish; but "their home is on the deep," and the stalwart men have learned to lay their fearless hands on ocean's bristled neck. All around this little sea-haven, they have built their cottages,—in some places overhanging the water, in others perched among the clefts of the rock—but without any attempt at regular streets. Each man plants his cottage according to convenience or fancy, and a winding path conducts from the one to the other. The "fish-stages," on which the fish are landed, project over the edge of the harbour, and the "flakes" for drying the cod, formed of a horizontal platform, supported on upright poles, and covered with boughs, fringe the whole margin of the harbour and occupy every nook among the rocks. A fine aroma of cod pervades the atmosphere during the fishing season. Secluded here from the rest of the world, a quaint population has grown up, having a strongly pronounced individuality, along with the ideas and habits which characterise the fisher-folk everywhere. Their manners are unsophisticated, as may be supposed, and of the ways of the great world they know nothing. Seldom does a stray newspaper find its way to Punch Bowl, for as yet they have not felt the need of a post-office; and the amount of education imparted to the young is not likely to develop the brain unduly, to the detriment of the stomach.

Christmas Day, 1870, dawned bright and joyous on Punch Bowl. Great preparations had been made for the proper observance of the day. Hardly a living goose or turkey was

to be seen. By tens and dozens they had been slaughtered; and, distended with sage, onions and other items, they awaited the "bake-pot." Never within the memory of the oldest inhabitant had so much Christmas beef come round from St. John's. The parson's wife was astounded by the number of presents that poured in on Christmas Eve, and the shrieks of delight from her numerous brood, as parcel after parcel was opened, were loud and continuous. The summer's fishery had been prosperous, and the determination to welcome jolly Christmas in a generous fashion was universal. The joints of beef, wedges of cake and junks of pork that found their way to poor Widow Noseworthy's cottage brightened her old eyes, warmed her heart, and suspended for a time her rheumatic pains. Old Reuben Vatcher, who had seen better days, and with whom, in his declining years, the world had gone hard, began to think more kindly of his race and to believe more in human and divine love, when, on Christmas Eve, a new set of warm flannels, a pair of boots and a plum pudding arrived at his door. In the window of the only shop Punch Bowl could boast of, the display was gorgeous. The tobacco-pipes, red herring, and cotton reels which usually adorned it were swept away, and their places were filled with raisins, currants, candied lemon-peel, figs, luscious apples and golden oranges. A succession of fights among the village urchins was kept up, opposite this earthly paradise, for the nearest place to the window, where the eye could feast on the ravishing contents. Bob Stivey and Nat Vokcy had a "set-to" here, and the former carried home a black eye to his mother who very properly applied an active counter-irritant with a rod, on the softest part of his person, by way of cure. On all hands the show was pronounced "bully," among the gamins. The amiable and venerable Santa Claus did not take Punch Bowl in his rounds. Belief in him would have been too great a stretch for the imagination of the Punch Bowlers, young or old. They stuck to the solid realities of life and looked forward, with unselfish delight, but keen appetites, to the Christmas dinner. The village church had been decorated with much taste, and the largest congregation of the year was on Christmas Day. All regarded attendance at church on that day as a proper preliminary to the coming enjoyments.

There was, however, one exception to this general sentiment in favour of church-going on Christmas Day. This was Jacob Tottles, a well-to-do fisherman who, with his wife Rachel, occupied a rather snug detached cottage at the end of the village. The pair were childless; but Jacob toiled and grubbed early and late as if he had a large family to provide for. A grim-visaged, dogged, unsocial man was Jacob Tottles, not much loved by his neighbours. His meek wife Rachel, whether she "loved and honoured him," in accordance with her marriage-vow, was, at all events, obliged to "obey and serve him." Jacob was a hard, worldly man—"of the earth earthy,"—who seemed to care for nothing but gain. He never went to church, and had no more sense of religion than Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" who, on Sundays, was merely conscious that the parson was "bummin' away" above his head. His temper was correctly described by Rachel as "contrairy." He was never known to part with anything for a charitable object. By dint of toiling, screwing, and half starving himself and Rachel, he had managed to accumulate so much that he was regarded as a millionaire among the fishermen of Punch Bowl, and was believed to possess piles of dollars stowed in the nooks and crannies of his cottage.

When Jacob Tottles rose, on this bright Christmas morning, he remarked to his wife Rachel that it was a fine day for overhauling certain herring-nets he had set outside the "heads," and that he felt confident, from certain indications, that he would find a grand "take." In vain did Rachel remonstrate, and remind him that it was Christmas Day—that everyone would be at church, and that she had made certain preparations for an unusual dinner. He wasted no words in replying, but he took his oars on his shoulder and ordered Rachel to fasten the door, to shut in the pig and to follow him to the boat, her aid being indispensable in taking up the nets. Just as the Punch Bowlers were "cleaning themselves" for church, and as Job Pritchett was hoisting the flag which, instead of a bell, informed the people of the hour for service, Jacob and Rachel were seen "pulling" their boat down the harbour towards the "narrows," to the intense horror of the whole population, and in defiance of all decency and decorum. Mrs. Mallowney, on witnessing the sight, declared that "that ould nay-ger would come to a bad end, one day," and the parson remarked to his wife that "the strong arm of the law should lay hold on such an old Pagan and put him in the lock-up, for such an outrage on a Christian community." Utterly indifferent to the opinion of his neighbours Jacob held on, and in due time arrived at his nets. His largest expectations were more than realised. His nets were almost chuck full. Never before had he obtained such a "haul," and as he dragged in fold after fold, full of silvery herrings, till the boat was almost filled, his

spirits rose to the highest pitch—"Eh, Ratch-el, what d'ye think of this, old ooman. This-ams fine—I'd alossed all this ef I'd agone to hear the Parson. Ye'd ago to church long before ye'd get a couple of barrel of herrin." Exultingly Jacob coupled his boat's head homeward; but as he came abreast of Mrs. Critch's cottage, he saw a huge volume of smoke rolling out of her kitchen chimney, and the thought struck him that in all probability a good dinner was under weigh here, and that he could not do better than dine with Mrs. Critch, who had the pleasure of being his mother-in-law. "Ratch-el," he said, "we'd better call and enquire for your mother." He fastened his boat securely to the cross-bars of the little fishing stage, and he and Rachel landed and were invited hospitably to share Mrs. Critch's Christmas dinner. After spending three or four hours entirely to his own satisfaction, he prepared to return home, and walked down to the little stage where his boat was fastened. To his consternation he found that the tide had risen five or six feet, during his absence, and tilted the boat up, the bow being fast between the cross bars of the stage, and emptied the whole "take" of herring back into the ocean, whence they came. The rage and disappointment of Jacob, at this unlooked-for catastrophe, may be imagined but cannot be described. He stamped and swore, the miserable old curmudgeon, and said it was all owing to "Ratch-el's confounded old mother—if her house hadn't been in the way this wuddn't have happened." "Jekup Tottles," said Rachel, solemnly, "this-ams a jidmint on ye for fishin' on Christmas Day." Growling and swearing he scrambled into the boat, and completely crest-fallen, made his way up the harbour as the evening was closing.

We must now go back a little in our story, in order to see what took place at Jacob's cottage during his absence. The pig had been shut up in his usual quarters by the obedient Rachel. Now this pig was of a sprightly, active race, shrewd and enterprising, and fond of investigating anything and everything. Like most of his kind, he was possessed of a perfect independence of character, and had a contempt for man and his ways, and a stern determination not to adapt himself to any of man's notions. So long as he was well fed he lay in his straw, grunting with a deep sensual satisfaction; but he would "stand no nonsense" in regard to his meals. Great was the pig's astonishment, on this Christmas Day, when the usual hour for dinner arrived, and there was no appearance of Rachel with the supplies. He speedily burst through the little gate that shut him in, and assaulted the kitchen door with loud imperative grunts. Receiving no answer after repeated summonses, he inserted his long snout under the door and lifted it off the hinges. He was now completely master of the situation, and commenced a searching investigation, upsetting pots and pans, smashing various articles of crockery-ware, and carrying general devastation into Rachel's trim kitchen. The first thing of a digestible character on which he lighted was a pudding—a sort of cross between a "dough-boy" and a plum pudding, which Rachel had manufactured for the day's dinner. He ate it, cloth and all, but it merely served to whet his appetite. Attracted by the smell of vegetables, he next made his way into the cellar where these were kept, and here he found himself at home. Jacob's cellar was particularly well stocked, and the pig helped himself liberally. He first tried a lot of fine kidney potatoes which Jacob was saving for seed, and thought them excellent. Then he laid down a secondary stratum of fine white cabbages, and his grunts proclaimed that he considered these about the best he had tasted. Jacob's "bog" and "snow-ball" potatoes, on which he so prided himself, were next laid under contribution, and the turnip "bin" also received a share of attention. Never did pig enjoy such a jolly Christmas dinner. True to his hoggish nature, he ate till a gentle grunt of satisfaction proclaimed that he was too "crowded" to import any more. A small keg, on a low bench, now attracted his attention; he rolled it over, and the contents, molasses, gurgled out, of the bung-hole. Piggy applied his lips to the opening, and drank down the luscious contents with a deep-drawn sigh of satisfaction. It was the first time he had tasted this luxury; and he concluded that the world was henceforth to be an illimitable pig's trough. Having finished the keg of molasses, he looked round for something more solid by way of top-dressing, and soon disposed of a couple of bars of yellow soap which came in his way, but thought it rather tasteless. In a dark corner stood a jar of rum which Jacob had laid in for his winter consumption. Piggy rolled it about vigorously and the contents gushed out, the cork being loose. Expecting to find this fluid superior to the molasses, he eagerly caught the neck of the jar in his jaws and tilted it high. A single gulp was enough; he commenced coughing and sputtering in utter disgust, saying as plainly as a pig could say it, in deep contemptuous grunts, "what beastly stuff is this?—ugh, ugh, ugh—what a horrid smell—I never thought much

of these stupid men—but if they swallow that—ugh—ugh—ugh—" He rushed out to the brook and rinsed his mouth repeatedly, and ended by a deep draught of the clear stream. Returning to the cottage, he commenced an exploration of Rachel's bed-room, dragged off the quilt and blankets and lay down upon them on the floor. Finding this rather hard, he got into bed, and after a few efforts with his snout, managed to make an opening in the bed-ticking large enough for his fat person, and crept in among the feathers. Now, at length, he thought, "pigs are about to get their 'rights,' the world is not such a bad place after all, though there are butchers in it." Externally and internally, he had never before felt so comfortable.

The deep snores of piggy were proclaiming his bliss, when Jacob and Rachel approached the cottage after their unsuccessful fishing excursion. They were startled to find the door off the hinges; but when they entered and gazed in stupefied astonishment on the wreck before them—the rifed cellar, the empty keg and rum jar, the broken crockery, even Jacob was struck dumb, and forgot to swear. He naturally concluded that burglars had been at work, and could only moan out "I'm a ruined man." Suddenly his stupor was broken by a loud out-cry from Rachel in the bed-room, "Jekup, Jekup, here's the thief." He rushed in and seized piggy, who, being thus rudely disturbed in his paradise, opened his sleepy eyes, comprehended the situation at a glance, and with a few vigorous kicks and plunges, freed himself from his captors, upsetting Jacob violently on the floor, and bolted for the hills.

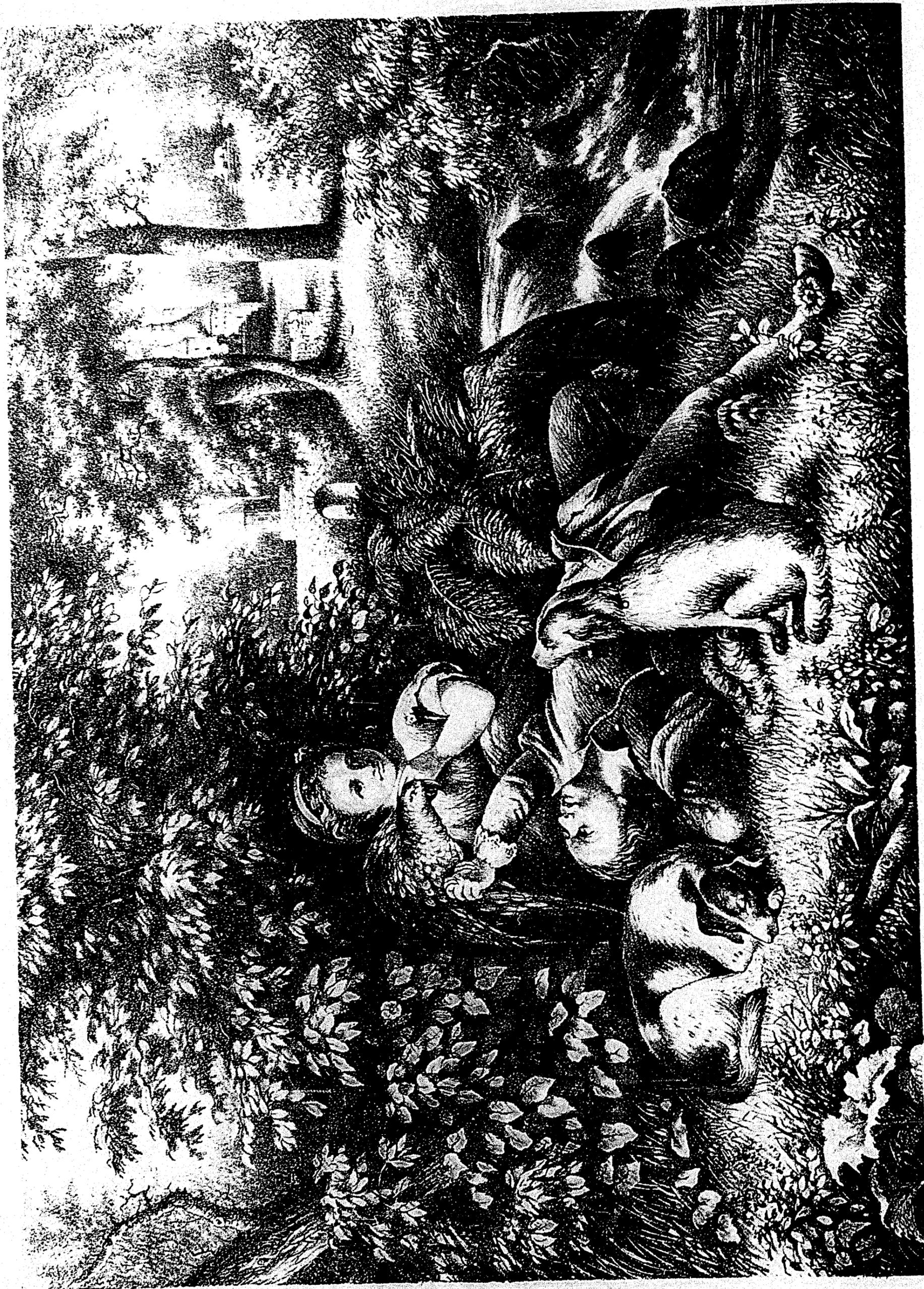
That night Jacob Tottles retired to a temporary couch on the floor, "a sadder and a wiser man." He pondered long over the events of the day, and began at length to have some dim perception of a moral order in the universe, which he had been violating, and had received, in consequence, just punishment. Into his dull, selfish soul there crept a conviction that all was not right with him, and that it was not a safe thing to fight against a Power that could, in a single day, inflict such penalties. When he awoke in the morning he said to his wife, "Ratch-el, I've made up my mind to swap that pig with farmer Dawe for one of his sheep—the devil's got into it. And mubbe," he added in a softer tone than usual, "ye'd best take a bit pork and some taties to that poor cripple, Teddy Ryan."

On the following Sunday, just as the parson was uttering the beautiful opening sentences of the morning service, "When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive," the church door opened and, to the unutterable astonishment of the congregation, Jacob Tottles was seen to enter, followed by Rachel, and quietly take his seat. Let us hope that he continues a regular church-goer, and that the Christmas of 1871 was a much happier day to him than that of the previous year.

H.

**HARD ON THE CORONERS.**—"In some respects," says Max Adeler, "Delaware is slightly ahead of any other State in the Union in the matter of coroners, for instance, she is so far in advance of her sister commonwealths that they must soon either select for this office men of loftier genius, or else abolish the system altogether from very shame and mortification. A week or two ago a gentleman who had been travelling in the old world, and who had collected a large number of curiosities, went down to Wilmington. He had with him a mummy which died and was embalmed during the very year Joseph was carried into Egypt. The coroner of Wilmington—as report says—heard of the mummy; and what does he do but empanel a jury of twelve men, and then march round to hold an inquest upon our old Egyptian friend! After deliberating for an hour and a half, and listening to the testimony of a doctor, who accused the corpse of having inside of him some complicated works with Latin names—all of which the mummy would undoubtedly repudiate had he been alive, the jury returned a verdict that 'deceased came to his death by the hands of a party or parties unknown.' This was sublime enough. But our coroner conceived a higher flight of genius. He charged the regular fee for his services, but dated the bill back to the time of the mummy's death, and then presented it to the traveller, with compound interest added to date. The amount was some four million times greater than the combined national debts of the United States and Great Britain. The bill was accompanied by a dray for the purpose of carrying home the cash. It has not yet been paid however."

Dr. Balmanno, a London surgeon, has successfully applied the magic lantern to the study of diseases of the skin. A transparent photograph of the skin is taken, and then placed in a magic lantern. A strong hydro-oxygen light casts the picture enlarged on a white sheet, and in this way the smallest details are brought out with astonishing minuteness.



HAPPY DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.—FROM A WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY BOHUSLAV KROUFA.—SEE PAGE 15.



THE FIRST SNOWBALL.—SEE PAGE 20.



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.—SEE PAGE 19.

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## WILFRID CUMBERMEDE.

An Autobiographical Story.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD,

Author of "Alec Forbes," etc.

### CHAPTER L.

#### THE DATES.

I have given, of course, only an epitome of our conversation, and by the time we had arrived at this point, we had also reached the gate of the churchyard. Again we fastened up our horses; again he took the key from under the tombstone; and once more we entered the dreary little church, and drew aside the curtain of the vestry. I took down the volume of the register. The place was easy to find, seeing, as I have said, it was at the very end of the volume.

The copy I had taken was correct: the date of the marriage in the register was January 15, and it was the first under the 1748, written at the top of the page. I stood for a moment gazing at it; then my eye turned to the entry before it, the last on the preceding page. It bore the date December 13—under the general date at the top of the page, 1747. The next entry after it was dated March 29. At the bottom of the page, or cover rather, was the attestation of the clergyman to the number of marriages in that year; but there was no such attestation at the bottom of the preceding page. I turned to Mr. Coningham, who had stood regarding me, and pointing to the book, said—

"Look here, Mr. Coningham. I cannot understand it. Here the date of the marriage 1748; and that of all their letters, evidently written after the marriage, is 1747."

He looked, and stood looking, but made me no reply. In my turn I looked at him. His face expressed something not far from consternation; but the moment he became aware that I was observing him, he pulled out his handkerchief, and wiping his forehead with an attempt at a laugh, said—

"How hot it is! Yes; there's something awkward there. I hadn't observed it before. I must inquire into that. I confess I cannot explain it all at once. It does certainly seem queer. I must look into those dates when I go home."

He was evidently much more discomposed than he was willing I should perceive. He always spoke rather hurriedly, but I had never heard him stammer before. I was certain that he saw or at least dreaded something fatal in the discrepancy I had pointed out. As to looking into it when he got home, that sounded very like nonsense. He pulled out a notebook, however, and said:

"I may just as well make a note of the blunder—for blunder it must be—a very awkward one indeed, I am afraid. I should think so—I cannot—but then—"

He went on uttering disjointed and unfinished expressions, while he made several notes. His manner was of one who regards the action he is about as useless, yet would have it supposed the right thing to do.

"There!" he said, shutting up his notebook with a slam; and turning away he strode out of the place—much, it seemed to me, as if his business there was over for ever. I gave one more glance at the volume, and replaced it on the shelf. When I rejoined him, he was already mounted and turning to move off.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Coningham," I said. "I don't exactly know where to put the key."

"Fling it under the gravestone, and come along," he said, muttering something more, in which perhaps I only fancied I heard certain well-known maledictions.

By this time my spirits had sunk as much below their natural level, as, a little before, they had risen above it. But I felt that I must be myself, and that no evil any more than good fortune ought for a moment to perturb the tenor of my being. Therefore having locked the door deliberately and carefully, I felt about along the underside of the gravestone until I found the ledge where the key had lain. I then made what haste I could to mount and follow Mr. Coningham, but Lilith delayed the operation by her eagerness. I gave her the rein, and it was well no one happened to be coming in the opposite direction through that narrow and tortuous passage, for she flew round the corners—"turning close to the ground, like a cat when scratching—ly she wheels about after a mouse," as my old favourite Sir Philip Sidney says. Notwithstanding her speed, however, when I reached the mouth of the lane, there was Mr. Coningham half across the first field, with his coat-tails flying out behind him. I would not allow myself to be left in such a discourteous fashion, and gave chase. Before he had measured the other half of the field, I was up with him.

"That mare of yours is a clever one," he said, as I ranged alongside of him. "I thought I would give her a breather. She hasn't enough to do."

"She's not breathing so very fast," I returned. "Her wind is as good as her legs."

"Let's get along then, for I've lost a great deal of time this morning. I ought to have been at Squire Strode's an hour ago. How hot the sun is, to be sure, for this time of the year!"

As he spoke, he urged his horse, but I took and kept the lead, feeling, I confess, a little angry, for I could not help suspecting he had really wanted to run away from me. I did what I could, however, to behave as if nothing had happened. But he was very silent, and his manner towards me was quite altered. Neither could I help thinking it scarcely worthy of a man of the world, not to say a lawyer, to show himself so much chagrined. For my part, having simply concluded that the new-blown bubble-hope had burst, I found myself just where I was before—with a bend sinister on my scutcheon, it might be, but with a good conscience, a tolerably clear brain, and the dream of my Athanasia.

The moment we reached the road, Mr. Coningham announced that his way was in the opposite direction to mine, said his good morning, shook hands with me, and jogged slowly away. I knew that was not the nearest way to Squire Strode's.

I could not help laughing—he had so much the look of a dog with his tail between his legs, or a beast of prey that had made his spring and missed his game. I watched him for some time, for Lilith being pulled both ways—towards home, and after her late companion—was tolerably quiescent, but he never cast a glance behind. When at length a curve in the road hid him from my sight, I turned and went quietly home, thinking what the significance of the unwelcome discovery might be. If the entry of the marriage under the date could not be proved a mere blunder, of which I could see no hope, then certainly my grandfather must be regarded as born out of wedlock, a supposition which, if correct, would account for the dropping of the *Daryll*.

On the way home, I jumped no hedges.

Having taken my farewell of Lilith, I packed my "bag of needments," locked the door of my uncle's room, which I would have no one enter in my absence, and set out to meet the night mail.

### CHAPTER LI.

#### CHARLEY AND CLARA.

On my arrival in London, I found Charley waiting for me, as I had expected; and with his help, soon succeeded in finding, in one of the streets leading from the Strand to the river, the accommodation I wanted. There I settled, and resumed the labour so long and thanklessly interrupted.

When I recounted the circumstances of my last interview with Mr. Coningham, Charley did not seem so much surprised at the prospect which had opened before me as disappointed at its sudden close, and would not admit that the matter could be allowed to rest where it was.

"Do you think the change of style could possibly have anything to do with it?" he asked, after a meditative silence.

"I don't know," I replied. "Which change of style do you mean?"

"I mean the change of the beginning of the year from March to January," he answered.

"When did that take place?" I asked.

"Some time about the middle of the last century," he replied; "but I will find out exactly."

The next night he brought me the information that the January which according to the old style would have been that of 1752 was promoted to be the first month of the year 1753.

My dates then were, by several years, antecedent to the change, and it was an indispensible anachronism that the January between the December of 1747 and the March of 1748, should be entered as belonging to the latter year. This seemed to throw a little dubious light upon the perplexity: the January thus entered belonged clearly to 1747, and therefore was the same January with that of my ancestors' letters. Plainly, however, the entry could not stand in evidence, its interpolation at least appearing indubitable, for how otherwise could it stand at the beginning of the new year instead of towards the end of the old, five years before the change of style? Also, I now clearly remembered that it did look a little crushed between the heading of the year and the next entry. It must be a forgery—and a stupid one as well, seeing the bottom of the preceding page, where there was a small blank, would have been the proper place to choose for it—that is, under the heading 1747. Could the 1748 have been inserted afterwards? That did not appear likely, seeing it belonged to all the rest of the entries on the page, there being none between the date in question and March 29, on the 25th of which month the new year began. The conclusion lying at the door was that some one had inserted the marriage so long after the change of style that he knew nothing of the trap there lying for his forgery. It seemed probable that, blindly following the letters, he had sought to place it in the beginning of

the previous year, but, getting bewildered in the apparent eccentricities of the arrangement of month and year, or, perhaps, finding no other blank suitable to his purpose, had at last drawn his bow at a venture. Neither this nor any other theory I could fashion, did I however find in the least satisfactory. All I could be sure of was, that there was no evidence of the marriage—on the contrary a strong presumption against it.

For my part, the dream in which I had indulged had been so short that I very soon recovered from the disappointment of the waking therefrom. Neither did the blot with which the birth of my grandfather was menaced, affect me much. My chief annoyance in regard of that aspect of the affair was in being so related to Geoffrey Brotherton.

I cannot say how it came about, but I could not help observing that, by degrees, a manifest softening appeared in Charley's mode of speaking of his father, although I knew that there was not the least approach to a more cordial intercourse between them. I attributed the change to the letters of his sister, which he always gave me to read. From them I have since classed her with a few others I have since known, chiefly women, the best of their kind, so good and so large-minded that they seem ever on the point of casting aside the unworthy opinions they have been taught, and showing themselves the true followers of him who cared only for the truth; and yet holding by the doctrines of men, and believing them to be the mind of God.

In one or two of Charley's letters to her, I ventured to insert a question or two, and her reference to these in her replies to Charley, gave me an opportunity of venturing to write to her more immediately, in part defending what I thought the truth, in part expressing all the sympathy I honestly could with her opinions. She replied very kindly, very earnestly, and with a dignity of expression as well as of thought which harmonized entirely with my vision of her deeper and grander nature.

The chief bent of my energies was now to vindicate for myself a worthy position in the world of letters; but my cherished hope lay in the growth of such an intimacy with Mary Osborne as might afford ground for the cultivation of far higher and more precious ambitions.

It was not however with the design of furthering these that I was now guilty of what will seem to most men a Quixotic action enough.

"Your sister is fond of riding—is she not?" I asked Charley one day, as we sauntered with our cigars on the terrace of the Adelphi.

"As fond as one can possibly be who has had so little opportunity," he said.

"I was hoping to have a ride with her and Clara the very evening when that miserable affair occurred. The loss of that ride was at least as great a disappointment to me as the loss of the sword."

"You seem to like my sister, Wilfrid," he said.

"At least I care more for her good opinion than I do for any woman's—or man's either, Charley."

"I am so glad!" he responded. "You like her better than Clara then?"

"Ever so much," I said.

He looked more pleased than annoyed, I thought—certainly neither the one nor the other entirely. His eyes sparkled, but there was a flicker of darkness about his forehead.

"I am very glad," he said again, after a moment's pause. "I thought—I was afraid—I had fancied sometimes—you were still a little in love with Clara."

"Not one atom," I returned. "She cured me of that quite. There is no danger of that any more," I added—foolishly, seeing I intended no explanation.

"How do you mean?" he asked, a little uneasily.

I had no answer ready, and a brief silence followed. The subject was not resumed.

It may well seem strange to my reader that I had never yet informed him of the part Clara had had in the matter of the sword. But, as I have already said, when anything moved me very deeply, I was never ready to talk about it. Somehow, whether from something of the cat-nature in me, I never liked to let go my hold of it without good reason. Especially I shrunk from imparting what I only half comprehended; and besides, in the present case, the thought of Clara's behaviour was so painful to me still, that I recoiled from any talk about it—the more that Charley had a kind and good opinion of her, and would I knew only start objections and explanations defensive, as he had done before on a similar occasion, and this I should have no patience with. I had therefore hitherto held my tongue. There was, of course, likewise the fear of betraying his sister, only the danger of that was small, now that the communication between the two girls seemed at an end for the time; and if it had not been that a certain amount of mutual reticence had arisen between us, first on Charley's part and afterwards on mine, I doubt much whether, after all, I should not by this time have told him the whole story. But the moment I had

spoken as above, the strangeness of his look, which seemed to indicate that he would gladly request me to explain myself but for some hidden reason, flashed upon me the suspicion that he was himself in love with Clara. The moment the suspicion entered, a host of circumstances crystallized around it. Fact after fact flashed out of my memory, from the first meeting of the two in Switzerland down to this last time I had seen them together, and in the same moment I was convinced that the lady I saw him with in the Regent's Park was no other than Clara. But if it were so, why had he shut me out from his confidence? Of the possible reasons which suggested themselves, the only one which approached the satisfactory was, that he had dreaded hurting me by the confession of his love for her, and preferred leaving it to Clara to cure me of a passion to which my doubtful opinion of her gave a probability of weakness and ultimate evanescence.

A great conflict awoke in me. What ought I to do? How could I leave him in ignorance of the falsehood of the woman he loved? But I could not make the disclosure now. I must think about the how and the how much to tell him. I returned to the subject which had led up to the discovery.

"Does your father keep horses, Charley?"

"He has a horse for his parish work, and my mother has an old pony for her carriage."

"Is the rectory a nice place?"

"I believe it is, but I have such painful associations with it, that I hardly know."

The Arab loves the desert sand where he was born; the thief loves the court where he used to play in the gutter. How miserable Charley's childhood must have been! How could I tell him of Clara's falsehood?

"Why doesn't he give Mary a pony to ride?" I asked. "But I suppose he hasn't room for another."

"Oh yes, there's plenty of room. His predecessor was rather a big fellow. In fact, the stables are on much too large a scale for a clergyman. I daresay he never thought of it. I must do my father the justice to say there's nothing stingy about him, and I believe he loves my sister even more than my mother. It certainly would be the best thing he could do for her to give her a pony. But she will die of religion—young, and be sainted in a twopenny tract, and that is better than a pony. Her hair doesn't curl—that's the only objection. Some one has remarked that all the good children who die have curly hair."

Poor Charley! Was his mind more healthy then? Was he less likely to come to an early death? Was his want of faith more life-giving than what he considered her false faith?

"I see no reason to fear it," I said, with a tremor at my heart as I thought of my dream.

That night I was sleepless—but about Charley—not about Mary. What could I do?—what ought I to do? Might there be some mistake in my judgment of Clara? I searched, and I believe searched honestly, for any possible mode of accounting for her conduct that might save her uprightness, or mitigate the severity of the condemnation I had passed upon her. I could find none. At the same time, what I was really seeking was an excuse for saying nothing to Charley. I suspect now that had I searched after justification or excuse for her from love to herself, I might have succeeded in constructing a theory capable of sheltering her; but as it was, I failed utterly; and turning at last from the effort, I brooded instead upon the Quixotic idea already adverted to, grown the more attractive as offering a good excuse for leaving Charley for a little.

### CHAPTER LII.

#### LILITH MEETS WITH A MISFORTUNE.

The next day, leaving a note to inform Charley that I had run home for a week, I set out for the moat, carrying with me the best side-saddle I could find in London.

As I left the inn at Minstercombe in a gig, I saw Clara coming out of a shop. I could not stop and speak to her, for, not to mention the opinion I had of her, and the treachery of which I accused her, was I not at that very moment meditating how best to let her lover know that she was not to be depended upon? I touched the horse with the whip, and drove rapidly past. Involuntarily, however, I glanced behind, and saw a white face staring after me. Our looks encountering thus, I lifted my hat, but held on my course.

I could not help feeling very sorry for her. The more falsely she had behaved, she was the more to be pitied. She looked very beautiful with that white face. But how different was her beauty from that of my Athanasia!

Having tried the side-saddle upon Lilith, and found all it wanted was a little change in the stuffing about the withers, I told Styles to take it and the mare to Minstercombe the next morning, and have it properly fitted.

What trifles I am lingering upon! Lilith is gone to the worms—no, that I do not believe: amongst the things most people believe, and I cannot, that is one; but at all events she is dead, and the saddle gone to worms; and yet, for reasons which will want no explanation to my one reader, I care to linger even

on the fringes of this part of the web of my story.

I wandered about the field and house, building and demolishing many an airy abode, until Styles came back. I had told him to get the job done at once, and not return without the saddle.

"Can I trust you, Styles?" I said abruptly, "I hope so, sir. If I may make so bold, I don't think I was altogether to blame about that book—"

"Of course not, I told you so. Never think of it again. Can you keep a secret?"

"I can try, sir. You've been a good master to me, I'm sure, sir."

"That I mean to be still, if I can. Do you know the parish of Spurdene?"

"I was born there, sir."

"Ah! that's not so convenient. Do you know the rectory?"

"Every stone of it, I may say, sir."

"And do they know you?"

"Well, it's some years since I left—a mere boy, sir."

"I want you then—if it be possible—you can tell best—to set out with Lilith to-morrow night—I hope it will be a warm night. You must groom her thoroughly, put on the side saddle and her new bridle, and lead her—you're not to ride her, mind—I don't want her to get hot—lead her to the rectory of Spurdene—and—now here is the point—if it be possible, take her up to the stable, and fasten her by this silver chain to the ring at the door of it—as near morning as you safely can to avoid discovery, for she mustn't stand longer at this season of the year than can be helped. I will tell you all.—I mean her for a present to Miss Osborne; but I do not want anyone to know where she comes from. None of them, I believe, have ever seen her. I will write something on a card, which you will fasten to one of the pommels, throwing over all this horse-cloth."

I gave him a fine bear-skin I had bought for the purpose. He smiled, and with evident enjoyment of the spirit of the thing, promised to do his best.

Lilith looked lovely as he set out with her, late the following night. When he returned the next morning, he reported that everything had succeeded admirably. He had carried out my instructions to the letter; and my white Lilith had by that time, I hoped, been caressed, possibly fed, by the hands of Mary Osborne herself.

I may just mention that on the card I had written—or rather printed the words: "To Mary Osborne, from a friend."

In a day or two, I went back to London, but said nothing to Charley of what I had done—waiting to hear from him first what they said about it.

"I say, Wilfrid!" he cried, as he came into my room with his usual hurried step, the next morning but one, carrying an open letter in his hand, "what's this you've been doing—you sly old fellow? You ought to have been a prince, by Jove!"

"What do you accuse me of? I must know that first, else I might confess to more than necessary. One must be on one's guard with such as you."

"Read that," he said, putting the letter into my hand.

It was from his sister. One passage was as follows:

"A strange thing has happened. A few mornings ago, the loveliest white horse was found tied to the stable door, with a side-saddle, and a card on it directed to me. I went to look at the creature. It was like the witch-lady in Christabel, 'beautiful exceedingly.' I ran to my father, and told him. He asked me who had sent it, but I know no more than he did. He said I couldn't keep it unless we found out who had sent it, and probably not then, for the proceeding was as suspicious as absurd. To-day he has put an advertisement in the paper to the effect that if the animal is not claimed before, it will be sold at the horse-fair next week, and the money given to the new school fund. I feel as if I couldn't bear parting with it, but of course I can't accept a present without knowing where it comes from. Have you any idea who sent it? I am sure papa is right about it, as indeed, dear Charley, he always is."

I laid down the letter, and, full of mortification, went walking about the room.

"Why didn't you tell me, Wilfrid?"

"I thought it better, if you were questioned, that you should not know. But it was a foolish thing to do—very. I see it now. Of course your father is right. It doesn't matter though. I will go down and buy her."

"You had better not appear in it. Go to the Moat, and send Styles."

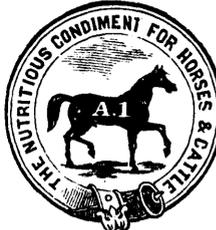
"Yes—that will be best. Of course it will. When is the fair, do you know?"

"I will find out for you. I hope some rascal mayn't in the meantime take my father in, and persuade him to give her up. Why shouldn't I run down and tell him, and get back poor Lilith without making you pay for your own?"

"Indeed you shan't. The mare is your sister's, and I shall lay no claim to her. I have money enough to redeem her."

Charley got me information about the fair, and the day before it I set out for the Moat.

(To be continued.)



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The books will be opened on MONDAY, the 8th JANUARY, when Tickets can be procured at the Billiard Rooms, Nordheimer's Hall, or through mail, by addressing the undersigned, Box 85, Post-Office, Montreal.

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GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, SATURDAY, 16th Day of December, 1871.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and under and in pursuance of the provisions of the 19th Section of "The Fisheries Act," His Excellency has been pleased to make the following Regulation:—The waters of Lake Beauport, in the County and Province of Quebec, are hereby set apart, from the 1st day of January to the 1st day of May, 1872, for the natural propagation of fish.

Certified.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

5-1 c



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA, SATURDAY, 16th Day of December, 1871.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

ON the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and under and in pursuance of the provisions of the 19th Section of "The Fisheries Act," His Excellency has been pleased to make the following Regulation:—The waters of the River Tomkodwig, in the County of Restigouche and Province of New Brunswick, are hereby set apart for the natural and artificial propagation of fish.

Certified.

WM. H. LEE, Clerk, Privy Council.

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Which is about to be largely circulated both on the American Continent and in Great Britain, will contain an ILLUSTRATED DOMINION GUIDE

Descriptive of Canada, its Cities, Public Works, and Scenery, its Industries, Resources, and Commerce, and also a GUIDE to the Principal Cities, Watering-Places, and Tourists' Resorts of Great Britain, together with the Weekly Current Numbers of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

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Each page will be divided lengthwise into three sections, the central one being occupied by the DESCRIPTIVE AND ILLUSTRATED GUIDE; and the sides arranged in squares of Ten Superficial inches for Advertisements. The charge for each square will be \$5 for one year, payable on demand after publication of the Work.

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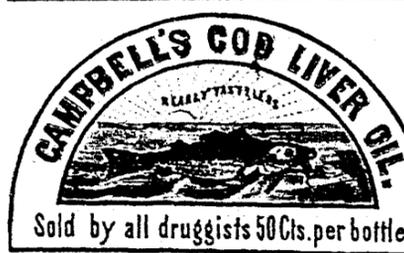
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY NEXT, the 29th instant, Trains will leave Montreal as follows:—

- Accommodation Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 7.00 a. m.
Day Mail Train for Island Pond and intermediate stations at 2.00 p. m.
Night Mail Train for Quebec, Island Pond, Portland, and Boston, at 10.30 p. m.
Express for Boston via Vermont Central, at 9.00 a. m.
Mail Train for St. John and Rouse's Point, connecting with trains on the Standard, Sheffield and Chambly, and South-Eastern Counties Junction Railways, and with Steamboats on Lake Champlain, at 3.00 p. m.
Express train for Boston, New York, &c., via Vermont Central, at 3.30 p. m.
Day Express for Toronto and intermediate stations, at 5.00 a. m.
Night Express do. do. at 8.00 p. m.
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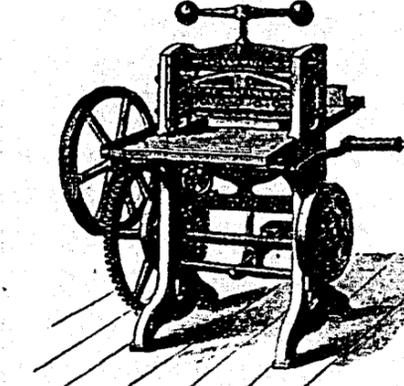


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TRAINS WILL RUN AS FOLLOWS:—

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LEAVE OTTAWA. THROUGH WESTERN EXPRESS at 10.00 A.M., arriving at Brockville at 1.50 P.M., and connecting with Grand Trunk Day Express going East and West. MAIL TRAIN at 4.35 P.M.

ARRIVE AT SAND POINT at 1.30 P.M., 7.35 P.M., and 8.15 P.M.

LEAVE SAND POINT at 5.20 A.M., 9.10 A.M., and 3.45 P.M.

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